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CORRESPONDENCE.

In the death of General Jackson, we felt, with the whole nation, that one important element of our national strength was gone. His loss is as great to us, as the death of the Duke of Wellington will be to England. In both cases there is no apparent successor to the confidence of the nation. To get away from all party feelings we have but to imagine war against the United States, and then estimate the effect of a call for volunteers from Andrew Jackson!

He has succeeded in everything:—and immediately after his death comes to us the news of the assent of the Texian Congress to annexation—which unanimously votes "a nation's thanks" to him.

There is one point of his character to which the hearts of *almost all* Americans may gladly revert with unmixed praise:—his determination to uphold THE UNION. On this point he was indeed a "second Washington."

A life of unbroken success is crowned by a death which shows no sign of failing vigor, and is bright with the Hope of Immortality derived from an unshaken confidence in the Redeemer!

READER, fail not to peruse the article called *The Palimpsest*; and while you are interested in the wonderful power of art in calling to the surface of the parchment the successive records which have been erased to make room for new thoughts, you

will be startled by the transition to that yet unfelt process which is to restore to your own memory all the sinful past. Imagination shudders at the picture of the effect of that flood of light upon an unblinded conscience! "In the hour of Death, and in the day of Judgment, Good Lord deliver us!"

THERE is so much to love in the poetry of Campbell, that it is not without great reluctance we have printed the Personal Recollections. We heard many years ago that he had debased himself by intemperance and habitual profaneness. Of the latter it was told us in England as a specimen, that in a conversation on the British Constitution, he said that he was "against all Lords—from the Lord Jesus Christ down."

So many people love the character of the Moravian Brethren, that we were glad to get the article on their Settlement and School.

The alternative between the General Endowment of all religious societies by the British Government, and its abandonment of all connection with any of them (including necessarily the whole education of the people)—is to be the great question for years to come in our Fatherland.

SOME years ago we read, in a "Friend's" house, a tract which undertook to prove that American Independence could have been attained

without war. We at first thought it a good joke, —but as we read on, were entirely convinced. If any of our readers can send us a copy, we should be thankful, wishing to reprint it in connection with the question of Irish Repeal.

From the *Britannia*.

BRITISH NAVAL DEFENCES.

In the House of Commons on 13 June, Sir C. Napier called the attention of the government to the state of the defences of our ports and naval arsenals, and also the harbors for the protection of the mercantile marine. He pointed to the vast resources of the French, and contended that in case of a war they might make a sweep of all the maritime ports of England, or even successfully accomplish an invasion, on account of the undefended nature of our coasts and harbors. He therefore earnestly impressed upon the government, the necessity of forming harbors of refuge, and of placing our ports and frontier towns in a complete state of defence. He was sure that the house would willingly grant a large sum for the purpose.

Sir R. Peel could not enter into the matter, as he had received no notice. Sir C. Napier might think it his duty to point out our weak position, but it was not consistent with the duty of the government to state how far it agreed with him. He could not act upon the principle of not enjoying the advantages of peace while they were at peace; but at the same time he admitted the possibility of war, and thought every precaution ought to be taken. Upon this principle the government had acted; but he did not like to enter into a partial consideration of the question. He doubted the policy and prudence of representing this country to be in a defenceless state. The government had authorized some of the most eminent engineers to take a survey of the coast, and, when they made their report, the government would consider what steps ought to be taken. The subject had received, and was receiving, the deep attention of the government, but he did not think it right to propose any large grant of money without any specified purpose.

Lord Palmerston defended the course taken by Sir C. Napier. He was surprised that Sir R. Peel could gravely assert that anything which Sir C. Napier had mentioned was new to foreign countries. If Sir R. Peel had not obtained information with respect to the state of the defences of foreign countries, he had not performed his duty. He (Lord Palmerston) was not new to office, and he always was in possession of such information. Sir C. Napier did not mean to inculcate the government, but to draw their attention to matters of essential importance. The best way to maintain the friendship of foreign powers was to be in a state of defence. He did not undervalue the importance of political friendships and relations with foreign countries, but the proper policy was to be prepared for war. The question of expense was nothing; and he agreed with Mr. Pitt, who had said upon one occasion that a very large expenditure was sometimes the best economy. The French, while discussing the question of the forti-

fications, never took that point into consideration. The late budget of France was so disproportioned with that of England, that he did not think it consistent with the continuance of amicable relations. The extension of steam navigation and of railways had almost deprived England of the advantage of her insular position, and we ought to be placed in a position to repel sudden attack. The government ought to begin as soon as possible to undertake some of the proposed works. He thought the government might have devoted the fruit of the auction duties to the purpose. Sir R. Peel, in his opinion, had passed a sarcasm upon his own government when he said that no one had asked for the repeal of these duties, and yet had neglected to apply the produce of them to such important objects. He hoped the year would not pass without the commencement of works upon some harbor of refuge. The French government had set a good example. They had expended upwards of fourteen millions for their fortifications, and, although France was not so rich as England, no one had begrudged the money.

Captain Harris thought some proportion ought to be maintained between the forces of France and England. He wished to see harbors of refuge commenced, and was sorry to hear that they were not to be begun this year.—Mr. Darby hoped that no delay would take place.—Mr. G. Wood impressed upon the government the necessity of considering this question of the harbors of refuge. He hoped there would be a vote this session for this purpose. He considered it essential for the safety and prosperity of this country.—Colonel Wood (Middlesex) expressed an opinion that this country was not adequately provided with troops in case of war. France could now concentrate a vast body of troops upon Boulogne or any other port. This country was quite unprovided; and in case of sudden war we should be placed in confusion and some degree of jeopardy. There ought to be a militia force. It was incumbent upon the government to take a general view of the defences of the country.

FRENCH STATION NEAR CHINA.—A French journal, the *Chronicle*, gives some details of an attempt made by the government to establish a French station in the China seas:—

“The French government, which has been looking out with great anxiety, but in vain, from its costly embassy to China, seems at last in the fair way of making a conquest which, for microscopic importance, will almost rival that of the dominions of Queen Pomare. The murder of a young midshipman belonging to M. de Lagrene's expedition, by the natives of the island of Basilau, in the China seas, has been made the pretext for the seizure of that island. It appears, however, that the course of conquest, like that of another well-known passion, never did run smooth. Difficulties have already arisen which are not stated, but which lead the *Constitutionnel* to anticipate another case of disavowal. We think, too, that this island of Basilau is one which the Spaniards lay a claim to, as belonging to the Philippine Islands; but Spain is now itself in the hands of France, and no doubt its rights will be treated with sovereign contempt.”

From the Polytechnic Review.

SPACE AND TIME.

AMBITIOUS man—placed, as Richter says, “in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities”—has lately displayed his anxiety to mark the progress of his knowledge by *measuring* them in all directions. Girt with the vast oceans of time and space, he has cast forth his sounding lines, he has erected his watch-towers, to span and fathom the abysses that surround him; and, weighing his spherule of a world against the universe, and his span of life against eternity, has exhausted the powers of his arithmetic in endeavors to discover how much less, and how many times shorter, were the sensible than the real, the contents and the containing.

His success has been consistent with the audacity of the attempt. Hitherto, “all that we know, is nothing can be known.” The answer which the universe has returned to our painful questionings has been given only in *negatives*. We calculate series of years, whose sum transcends the powers of imagination, to conceive the period of their lapse—but time is longer than they; and myriads of millions of miles—but space is wider than them all! The units of extent and duration which nature places within our reach, aided as our calculations are by the wondrous powers of mathematical analysis, are far too minute to enable us, with any approach to certainty, to complete the measurement even of the phenomena least removed from our ken.

If we reflect upon the astonishing extent to which our instruments *can* penetrate and measure, the sense of the profundity of those abysses to reach which their powers are vain, will be wonderfully increased. For example—in our calculations of *space*, the condition of our earth as a planet enables us to view the stars from the opposite side of an orbit whose diameter is 186 millions of miles. Yet in calculating our triangles, even with this enormous base, we find only that the angle thereby formed at the fixed stars, while absolutely inappreciable in regard to most of them, is about one second of a degree in the instance of a double star distinguished as α α in the constellation of the Centaur. Now as the second of a degree in a circle of 575 yards radius will have a chord of only the tenth of an inch, the distance of the star thus measured will be more than 80,000,000,000,000 miles. Of the stars whose angle (or parallax) is not appreciable, we can say only that they are more distant still. And if we assume, as probability entitles us to do, that the diminished light of the stars arises not from their size, but their remoteness, we must multiply the figures given above some thousands of times before we have reached the *lowest* limit of the distance at which many myriads of telescopic stars are placed in space. And this refers only to the visible firmament; beyond the range of our telescopes, are we to conceive that the universe is blank and unpeopled?

With regard to *time*, our powers of mensuration are even more limited: having no certain quantity given us to form the basis of our computations of duration, such as the diameter of the earth's orbit constitutes in space, we are therefore compelled to grope our way through the darkness of dead ages, by the uncertain guidance of an estimate of probabilities. Thus, when we ascertain the comparatively minute changes that have passed over the surface of our planet since the commencement

of recorded history, we are able to estimate, approximately, the period that must have elapsed in the accomplishment of the vast and repeated catastrophes which have visited the earth since the deposition of the earliest strata.

Or when we calculate the time that has lapsed without producing any new or strange developments of animal life, (with certain exceptions, very minute in themselves, and occurring among the *lowest* in the scale of animated nature,) we are furnished with an index to the extent of the period wherein could have been born and extinguished the various tribes of animals, so different in form, habit, and constitution, which have successively inherited their portion of the all-nourishing earth.

Here, too, we find only the *lowest limit*, the period than which we know the actual lapse cannot have been less; but how much *greater*, we have no means of learning. It may not be beyond our hope to succeed in calculating, with some approach to accuracy, the duration of the periods during which each successive creation was permitted to exist. But the time involved in the convulsions by which they were overwhelmed, or the birth-throes that built up the materials of the new earth, when again allowed to repose and vivify, or the eras of lifeless chaos that may have intercalated between the destruction and the formation, must remain forever undiscovered.

Not many years have passed since the inquiries into subjects such as these would have been denounced as irreverent, not to say impious, in their audacity of speculation; and this not, at the time, without reason. In almost every department of research, a period is at one time or other passed through during which the progress is associated with skepticism, and the establishment of science appears to involve the shaking of the foundations of faith. But this is only a transient phenomenon. It is not more certain that the philosophy of Socrates, the astronomy of Galileo, or the geology of Hutton, contradicted and weakened the principles of the religion professed at their respective eras, than that philosophy when its vision becomes clear, and science when its discoveries are developed, have lent and will lend to religion the most efficacious support.

Nor are the effects of such studies upon the minds of their disciples, in the end, less excellent. The consequences of venturing upon speculations of this vast and mysterious character may at first be, sometimes to bewilder, sometimes to dazzle the intellectual vision; a blinded vanity of its own capacity and achievements may by times invade the mind, which may even dare, in the insanity of its pride, to arraign the councils of the Supreme! But these are mists that will ere long become cleared away; and no pride can linger with us after we are once able to lift our thoughts from the difficulties of the search to the awful sublimities of the discovery. While struggling amid the steep intricacies of the upward path, natural enough is it for us to feel elated at the perseverance or skill we exert in forcing our passage, and to triumph without reserve at every conquest over difficulty—at each chasm that we have overleaped—at every precipice that we have scaled—till we reach and pause upon the summit; and then, standing face to face with Infinity, we find all other emotion extinguished in the overwhelming awe which attends the manifestation of Omnipotence.

“In the beginning,” is the favorite period for

our theory-makers to lay the scene of their ingenious world-dramas. Having then free scope to select the materials of their future earth, and to arrange them in the order proper for obeying the supposed influences that are to organize them into a shapely and habitable sphere, with unlimited time at their command, and a *tabula rasa* for their successive developments of secular phenomena and animal life—it would be wonderful if they did not succeed in constructing systems almost without number, each of which should be at least coherent and plausible, till the next one arose to overturn it! When the framers condescended to particulars, and endeavored to reconcile the multiform and often contradictory appearances of nature with the theoretical necessities of their respective systems, the task became one of much greater difficulty. The startling hypotheses to which they had recourse in their anxious attempts at “accounting for” what the evidence of their senses would not let them contradict—the violent convulsions summoned without stint to explain the existence of every inconvenient anomaly—will not soon be forgotten. Between Descartes’ vortices, and Whiston’s comets—between Neptunians and Vulcanians, between the “Catastrophists” and the “Uniformitarians”—a din of strife arose, in which the voice of real science was not seldom drowned, while the combatants who had ranged themselves under her banners fought for victory instead of truth.

From the Polytechnic Review.

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

[Concluded from Vol. 5, p. 503.]

If it be so difficult a task to overcome spherical aberration in optical instruments—if Cartesian lenses, peripheral diaphragms, and all the appanage of compound glasses, are the somewhat recordite means had recourse to in our comparatively imperfect optical instruments—what are we prepared to expect in that most perfect of all optical contrivances, the eye? Why, we shall find the very same contrivances as have originated in human skill, only elaborated and perfected beyond the power of human means to accomplish. Let us examine the organ in its details. The first coating or investment of the eye, anteriorly, is the cornea. We beg pardon of the anatomist, who will stoutly maintain the existence of another; our description is for the many, and therefore we will term the cornea the first or most anterior coat. This cornea, then, although not generally called so, is in point of fact a lens, composed of a transparent horny substance of great refrangibility. Immediately posterior to the cornea, is a small cavity filled with a liquid termed the aqueous humor, in the midst of which, and crossing it transversely, is a diaphragm called the iris, having an aperture in its middle termed the pupil. Now it needs no great amount of consideration to prove to us, immediately, that the aqueous humor, placed as it is between the posterior aspect of the cornea, and anterior face of the crystalline body, is itself a lens; still less consideration is required to show us the analogy existing between the iris, with its pupil, and the black diaphragm with its central hole in telescopes. How much more beautiful, however, is the contrivance of nature—how superior beyond comparison to the clumsy instrument of man’s ingenuity! The cen-

tral aperture, or pupil, not only serves the purpose of obviating spherical aberration, by cutting off those rays of light which would otherwise pass through the edges of the crystalline lens, but it is enabled, by means of a beautiful mechanical contrivance, to be more or less dilated, and thus to admit of greater or smaller amounts of light. Every one is aware of the painful sensation experienced on first emerging from a dark room into the glare of day; the eyes ache, the eyelids close involuntarily, and for some seconds all objects are seen dim and indistinct. Just as much difficulty of vision, although less pain, is experienced by the converse circumstances; that is to say, by going from light into comparative darkness. Afterwards, the eyes in some measure accommodate themselves to the difficulties of the case, and enable us to distinguish objects which were previously invisible. Now all this is explicable on considering the structure of the iris and dilatable pupil, which latter, when the light is strong, contracts, and permits but a small amount of it to enter; and when the light, on the other hand, is weak, dilates to a very great extent, in order that every dilated ray may be turned to account. This beautiful mechanism is most markedly visible in those animals which seek their prey in the dusk; for instance, in the cat, which has pupils of an oblong shape, capable of being contracted into a mere line when exposed to the influence of a powerful light.

On looking at the diaphragm of a telescope, which is perforated by a little hole, and which corresponds to the iris in an eye, we observe that it is studiously colored dark, as is the interior of the telescope; now here, again, the optician has most closely followed nature; the eye is supplied with just such another dark pigment, the use of which is obviously that of interrupting and absorbing all those rays of light which being irregular or defective, from any cause, do not conduce to the formation of a distinct image. A word or two about this term, ray of light, which has been and is now considerably abused. It is usual in optical books, and indeed necessary to a proper explanation of their diagrams, that the action of light, *i. e.* in straight lines, should be indicated by straight lines, which have been termed rays, or *radii*; now if the corpuscular theory of light be true, the term ray, as applied to a succession of particles in a straight line, is intelligible enough; but if the undulatory theory of light be the true one, then the term ray must be considered to express a mere quality of action in straight lines, and nothing more. The term, however, despite of our criticisms, must still be used as a matter of convenience, notwithstanding that to unthinking persons it may convey an idea that is not exactly true.

After all the preparation which light has undergone, by permeating the various optical media in the eye to which allusion has been made, it at length falls on the retina or expanded nervous web; not in an indefinite blaze, but depicting some form in all its proper hues and lineaments of outline. Here our comprehension of the sense of vision ceases; we can recognize the object painted on the retina, it is true, but the subtle mechanism, or rather vitality, by which the sense of vision is aroused, we cannot tell; all this is veiled in most inscrutable mystery! As sound is known to be the result of vibrations in elastic media, and as the undulatory theory of light assumes that this

subtle agent is the result of vibrations also, it has been almost taken for granted, by many physiologists, that it is through the meshwork of the retina being thrown into vibrations that the immediate sense of vision results; but every one who looks at the soft and pulpy retina and optic nerve, must be sensible that they, of all tissues, are least likely to be susceptible of vibrations. To this it may be said, that the crude idea of vibrations in a tense string or column of air is not here meant; but then we may say again, very justly, that no other idea of vibration is intelligible. Indeed, here, as in regard to all the other senses, we find that inscrutable darkness hovers over the last link which joins them to the sensorium. We have hitherto considered the eye merely in relation to its power of recognizing objects, but it is subservient to many other purposes than this; for instance, the faculty of sight enables us to judge of size, of the quality of solidity, and of distance. Every one knows that a large object, situated at some distance from the eye, will subtend on the retina an angle no larger than a small object placed nearer the eye; such being the natural consequence of some primary optical laws. Nevertheless, a large body at a distance conveys to the sensorium an idea of a corresponding nature, notwithstanding the small angle which it subtends. Now this, although a very useful quality of the eye, is not considered a primary one, but is merely the result of judgment matured by years.

It is difficult to say how even practice enables us to acquire a knowledge of distances. It has been considered referable to the fact of the different amount of convergence and divergence of the optic axes; for the perfect vision of near bodies, it is quite evident that the axes of the eyes converge, and *vice versa*. Possibly an acquired consciousness of this *may* be the means which nature employs to enable us to judge of distances.

Not only have our eyes to judge of distances, but also to accommodate themselves to distances. Every one is aware that optical instruments have to be adjusted to distance. Now in the eye, at least the eye of mammalia, how this adjustment is effected is not so clear. Around the eye-balls are found six muscles, of which four are straight and two oblique; now it has been supposed that the straight muscles, by exerting pressure on the eyeball, were capable of increasing in antero-posterior diameter; and, conversely, by relaxing from pressure, were capable of giving rise to an opposite condition. In these assumed changes some physiologists have thought they recognized the provision in question; others, however, maintain that the recti muscles can by no means exercise such action, and that there must consequently be some other provision. They are more inclined to think that the difference of elongation (if any) effected on the eyeball may be occasioned by the varying pressure of the oblique muscles. Then comes a class of physiologists who, denying the truth of either of these hypotheses, suggest that the lens itself may alter in shape, by a mechanism which they endeavor to indicate; but even their explanation is not very satisfactory; and so we may, if we are honest, simply state the plain fact that we are in total ignorance of the means nature has recourse to for the accomplishment of the end alluded to, so far as regards the eyes of many animals. Nevertheless, in the eyes of birds a simple and beautiful provision is recogniz-

able. Let us consider, first, the necessities of birds in this respect; their rapid flight renders it indispensable that an object situated at ever-varying distances from their eye should be seen with equable clearness; and it would appear from our previous examination of the eyes of a mammal, that in the latter class no remarkable provision to this end exists. In the bird the case is different; we find a specific organ, of beautiful simplicity and efficacy, adapted to render a prey no less distinct when the feathery pursuer darts down upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, than when viewed from a stationary eminence. The provision to which we allude is called the *marsupium*, or *pecten*, a little mass of spongy substance, which the anatomists call *erectile tissue*, and which is situated in the posterior part of the vitreous humor. This little piece of mechanism is usually flaccid, but at the will of the animal, or, more properly speaking, under certain exigencies of the animal not exactly controllable by the will, it can be injected full of blood, in which case the whole mass of vitreous humor must, of course, be expanded, and the lens pressed further forwards. No more simple, and, at the same time, more beautiful arrangement can be imagined.

Although the eyes of mammalia, including ourselves, are in their normal state capable of adapting themselves to distance, yet in some persons there exists a manifest defect in regard to this quality. Who has not watched some aged individual holding a book or newspaper far away in order to render the characters more distinct? It seems strange that so curious a means should be had recourse to in order that perfect vision may result, yet the reason becomes perfectly evident on examination: this defect is *presbyopia*, or far sight. Again, who has not observed the not uncommon defect of *myopia*, or near sight? a condition of things which requires for perfect vision that objects shall be held ridiculously close to the eye. These defects may be stated in general to arise from one of two causes: either from an abnormal alteration of shape in the eyeball, or in an alteration of the refractive property of its contained humors. The influence of the first mentioned cause has been certainly overrated; for although in old age the cornea, and, indeed, the eyeball generally, are certainly flatter than usual, and consequently *presbyopia* must to a certain extent be the result, yet the alteration of shape is frequently less considerable than the amount of the defect would appear to indicate. With regard to *myopia*, the objection is still more valid; for in childhood the eye is generally more convex than at any other period, and yet children are not so frequently found to be near sighted as are persons already advanced in youth, or approaching the middle of life. It appears more reasonable, then, to suppose that both *myopia* and *presbyopia* are conditions referable to alteration in the chemical and physical properties of the humors, and to a want of the power of adjustment, rather than to any mechanical alteration in the form of the eye's refracting media.

To whatever cause, however, either near or long sightedness may be owing, the defect can be remedied by proper glasses; *presbyopia* requiring convex lenses, and *myopia* concave ones.

Nothing can better illustrate the potency of lenses in imparting a due amount of refrangibility to the eye, than the optical appliances used after an operation for cataract. This disease is simply

an opacity of the crystalline lens or its capsule, in consequence of which defect it is impossible for light to pass through and impinge upon the retina. Now this transparent or crystalline lens is merely put in the eye to cause a proper amount of refraction, so that rays of light may converge at a focus on the retina. We have seen that the amount of refractive property preserved by the lens in various animals differs very much, as indeed does the refractive property of every other transparent portion of the eye. What would be the effect, then, of cutting up and extracting the lens, so that it might no longer be an impediment to the entrance of these rays? or if extraction should be deemed impracticable or inexpedient, what would be the effect of depressing it or thrusting it aside, beyond the axis of vision? These were bold suggestions at first, but they have been very successfully carried out in performing the operation for cataract. After this operation, however, it is evident that the eye operated upon must be very deficient in refractive power; and hence the necessity of supplying this quality by means of lenses, which are found to be all-sufficient.

Closely connected with the property just mentioned is the quality of judging regarding the distance of an object. This, too, is the result of practice, as a very interesting case has proved. A boy, blind from his birth, was operated on and restored to sight by Cheselden. At first everything appeared to him on the same plane—he had no idea whatever of distance—gradually, however, the faculty manifested itself, and he saw like other people.

There has been among physiologists some discussion as to the means we have of judging of the solidity of an object, and the result of this discussion seems to be an opinion that this knowledge is acquired by consideration of the different perspective projections under which different sides of a solid are painted on the retina.

Having alluded to a specific peculiarity in the eye of a bird, let us now regard it in a general sense, in order that we may contrast it with the eye of a class of animals living under precisely different conditions—we allude to fishes. Every one has noticed the bead-like appearance of the interior of a fish's eye, when boiled. This bead-like substance, opaque after the application of heat, is the crystalline lens; and it will be observed to be nearly circular—very different, then, to the crystalline lens of terrestrial animals. It is a necessary consequence of this optical form, that rays of light passing through it must converge to a much shorter focus than had the lens been flattened. The cornea, too, is flattened, and indeed the whole eye presents anteriorly a very compressed appearance. Now the reason of all this is obvious enough. Water, the medium in which these animals live, is of much greater refractive power than air, so that the difference between its refractive power and that of the aqueous and vitreous humors is but inconsiderable. Hence, Nature has nearly dispensed with the aqueous humor in a fish's eye, merely having supplied enough to suspend the iris. The vitreous humor, indeed, is present, but, for the reason just explained, its potency is very inconsiderable; hence the necessity which exists for an extraordinary development of the crystalline lens. The sphere of vision in a fish being exceedingly circumscribed, there can be no necessity for any provision adapting the eye to various distances, neither do we find

such to exist. As light, in permeating so dense a medium as water, must necessarily be impeded, and stifled to a considerable extent, it would seem desirable that the ocular apparatus of fishes should be adapted to admit a large quantity of luminous rays. Accordingly we find a very large pupil in those animals, but it is usually immovable, no provision having been made for guarding against a painful glare of light. Generally, the pupil of fishes' eyes is round, but in some cases the form is curiously modified: in the rays, for instance, a broad veil hangs before the pupillary opening; and in one case, namely, the *Anableps*, there are two pupils to each eye. As it is very necessary that the transparency of the cornea should not be impaired by dust or dirt, Nature in most animals has provided glands for the secretion of a purifying liquid—tears, in fact. We, and other mammalia, possess a tear-secreting gland in the outer angle of each eye, which constantly emits a supply of moisture that is distributed equally by means of the motion of the eyelids. Birds are still better furnished in this respect, each eye having two glands, one of which secretes the tears, and the other a peculiar fluid of greater viscosity. Birds also have three eyelids to each eye, two of which are very much like our own; but the third, called the nictitating membrane, does not exist in mammalia, although a comparative anatomist will proclaim that he has discovered its rudiments. This nictitating membrane, unlike the other eyelids, stands and acts transversely: it is moreover translucent, and occasionally the animal looks at objects through it, as when, for instance, the eagle looks at the sun. Every provision, then, we see taken in the bird's eye to keep the organ bright and clear, that acuteness of vision, so indispensable to the animal, may not be impaired. Clearly, however, tear-secreting glands would have been totally superfluous in fishes, surrounded as those animals are by a fluid which keeps their eyes bright and moist. Accordingly they are absent, for Nature, although ever beneficent, never takes trouble in vain.

In taking a review of the eyes of various animals, and in considering their different powers of adaptation to various exigences, we cannot fail to be struck with the varying amounts of light which are necessary to produce complete vision in different classes of beings. The owl, the cat, and the bat, can see with an amount of light that would constitute all but perfect darkness to a fish—such is the different structure of their visual organs. Hence arise in the mind involuntary speculations as to the smallest amount of light which may give rise to vision in certain beings, and the undulatory theory of light presents itself to our imagination in all its fascinations. We involuntarily draw comparisons between the phenomena of light and of acoustics; and regarding them both as referable to a series of vibrations, we begin to surmise that our eyes, as well as our ears, may only be adapted to receive certain impressions from contracted portions of a very extended scale. From the arrangement of the eye's refracting media, it is a necessary consequence that all objects are depicted in an inverted position in the retina; hence arose the celebrated proposition, *Why do we see things upright?*—in answer to which, people were long accustomed to say, rather foolishly, *Because we learned to see in infancy!* The fact is, that so long as all things are seen upside down—even our own noses—in short, every possible thing whatever,

there evidently can arise no idea of incongruity, and the wonder ceases.

The question has been much agitated too—Why we see single, having two eyes!—and with results about as profitable as succeeded that celebrated proposition of the Sorbonne—how many angels could stand on the point of a needle! Perhaps the fairest and the most satisfactory way to answer the question about seeing double would be by asking two others: Why do we not feel double, having two hands? or why do we not hear double, having two ears?

We must not, in our little disquisition upon eyes, forget to allude to that disagreeable obliquity of vision, commonly termed a squint. The muscles which surround the eyeball, and regulate its movements, are intended naturally to balance each other's action. Occasionally, however, one becomes paralyzed, is rendered incapable of duly acting, and then the force of the other preponderating, the eyeball has a tendency to be drawn to one side. Well, what is the remedy which naturally suggests itself? Why, simply this:—to separate the opposing muscle, to cut it in half, when immediately the balance of adjustment is effected, and the squinting ceases. It cannot be denied, however, that a frequent consequence of this operation is a disagreeable projection of the globe of the eye, which, although it has ceased to squint, nevertheless obtrudes itself in a very unseemly manner. A perfect eye should of course be capable of recognizing any color; but this is not always the case. The late Dr. Wollaston, for example, was unable to distinguish *violet*, and only became sensible of the imperfection by chance. Individuals differ greatly in their perception of the harmony of colors. How different the choice of persons in regard to agreeable mixtures of various tints! A lady of good taste may venture on an admixture of strong colors in her apparel, and she will take care that one shall be complementary to another, when harmony will be the result; but a lady not possessing this intuitive feeling for color, will either make a disagreeable admixture, or, if more prudent and sensible of her want of feeling in this respect, will confine herself to neutral tints, which present no gay appearance, but which can prove offensive to no one. Although this harmony of coloring is in a manner intuitive, it is far from being a subject of caprice, being explicable according to the well known rule, that colors to be agreeable should be complementary to each other; that is, taken together they should form white light.

And now, after this very rambling disquisition on eyes, conected during the smoky glimmering of our midnight lamp, sundry dim and dusky figures begin to hover before our own visual organs. We wipe our spectacles, and trim our lamp, and think awhile what next we shall say. A crowd of topics, optical, anatomical, and vital, rush into our brain, all thrusting themselves forward, and each claiming preëminent importance. We hesitate awhile, put on our spectacles again, and begin to write, but our eyes admonish us, that in describing the beauty and usefulness of others, we are somewhat forgetting the interests of our own. The genius of sleep, too, spreads his dusky wing over our paper—for a moment we combat him, and bid him begone; but now the flame of our lamp shoots up in an almost supernatural way, and leaves nothing but an ascending wreath of smoke—so despite ourselves, and all our good intentions, we needs must end.

PRINTING INK FOR FINE WORK.—We discharge an agreeable duty in directing attention to great improvements made by Messrs. Parsons and Fletcher, of Paternoster-row, in the important article of printing ink; and in referring such of our readers as are interested in the subject to the appearance presented by the woodcuts contained in this number of the *Art Union*—all of which are printed from ink of their manufacture. Those who know how much of the effect of wood-engravings must depend upon the printing, will heartily rejoice to learn that science, skill, and experience have been combined to insure successful results—as far as the character and quality of the ink is concerned. And, in truth, this is more than “half the battle;” for many a beautiful work has been thoroughly marred by the use of a defective material, while inferior performances, if colored with a brilliant black, have been looked upon as fine examples of art. Now-a-days there are few works published without some embellishments of the kind referred to; the presses of England, Germany, France, and Belgium issue every day thousands of woodcuts; it was high time, therefore, that to improve the ink was an object of careful thought and study.—*Art Union*.

THE NAPOLEON MUSEUM.—We lament to learn that this wonderful collection is about to be broken up and distributed: it is advertised for public sale. We have, therefore, paid it a last visit—to mourn over the separation of so many thousands of interesting relics, the collection of which was a labor of amazing industry, zeal, energy, and enterprise. It was commenced and completed by an English gentleman named Sainsbury—to whom it still belongs. He began his work by purchasing a few prints, thence went to pictures, thence to memorials of every sort and kind—the authenticity of which was proved beyond the hazard of controversy. It is sufficient to say, that in its present state it contains, in addition to 10,000 MSS., 8 marbles, 60 paintings, 70 miniatures, 60 enamels, 20 gold orders, 900 coins and medals, 10 swords and daggers, 1300 volumes of books, 130 drawings, 30 carvings, 3000 engravings, 100 bronzes. The examination of the assemblage has been a rare treat; unhappily it has ceased—most probably forever; inasmuch as it is not likely that any single person will be again the possessor of the store. Still, there are few evils unaccompanied by good: the sale will enable many persons to obtain a single relic—to be valued as a precious acquisition; for Napoleon is now a history; all asperities associated with his name have been rubbed down by time, while there endure respect and admiration for a marvellous man.—*Art Union*.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—A correspondent of the *New York Express*, writing from Stockholm, says that Frederika Bremer, the charming author of the “*Neighbors*,” and the rest of that series of beautiful works descriptive of Swedish life and manners, is about to visit the United States. She will leave about the first of August, and, coming by way of England, expects to spend a year in this country. The writer hopes she will be well received, as she has “a passionate admiration” for our Republic and its free institutions. She will be well received for her own worth, her lovely character, her beautiful writings. There needs no condition precedent to ensure her a welcome.—*Evening Post*.

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON SENSATION IN PLANTS.

THE deeper are the inquiries made into the structure of the kingdoms of nature, the more the laws by which organic and inorganic life is carried on are studied, the more we are struck with the singular order that exists in creation, and the more confident do we feel, as fresh links are discovered of the chain, that there is a gradual ascent from the least perfected up to the highest development of the objects with which we are acquainted as existing upon our globe. The physiologist, as he examines the various kinds of matter under the three great groups of the animal, the vegetable, and mineral kingdom, arrives at the conclusion that, although the distance from man down to the lowest of organized beings is immense, the transition is perfected by distinctions almost imperceptible, and that there is "quoddam commune vinculum," which binds all together, throughout the scale of being, in one harmonious economy. The distinctions between animal and vegetable life at first appear so obvious as to demand but little attention. The great minds that have been occupied in arranging and classifying the objects by which we are surrounded, have, however, acknowledged the difficulties that attend a definition of animal and vegetable beings, and have been sorely puzzled to say where the one begins and the other ends. The anatomist, as he examines vegetable structure in its more perfect condition, finds the most extraordinary resemblance to that formation which exists in animal life. He discovers a cellular and a vascular tissue, dermoid coverings, a circulation of a nutritive fluid, a digestive apparatus, a respiratory system, and, above all, he is astonished at the complicated machinery, so perfect, so admirably adapted for various ends, which the reproductive system exhibits. Here, perhaps, exist a more extraordinary series of changes upon which the world at large is dependent than is found in any other of the wonderful phenomena which it is so delightful to have an opportunity of examining. The reproduction of vegetable beings is a contrivance inimitably adapted for the welfare of mankind; it furnishes the fruits of the earth, so that we may in due time enjoy them, at the same time that it keeps up the chain of existence of beings similar to itself. In its mysterious organization, there are certain undoubted resemblances to what occur in the development of the highest orders of animals; and he who understands the apparatus and its functions, sees what similarity exists in conception and evolution between them. He finds that the same laws, the same organs, the same duties are performed, that the economy of generation in vegetables bears the closest analogy to that by which man himself is brought into being. Each step that we take in our investigation confirms the conclusion, that from man down to the weed on the seashore, there is a regular gradation, and that the study of the humblest leads to a knowledge of the highest in the scale.

The peculiar care which some plants exhibit for the distribution of their seeds has been advanced as proof of some innate sensitive energy. We observe the *arachis hypogæa*, which derives its trivial name from the circumstance that it hides its seeds in the ground; the flowers, hanging on long peduncles, trail with the branches upon the ground; as the other parts of the fructification decay, the germ insinuates itself into the earth, and

there the pericarp is formed and brought to maturity. Some plants, like the *ruinus communis*, or castor oil, as if aware that there is not sufficient nutriment for its young immediately within the neighborhood of the parent tree, cause their seeds to be thrown by an elastic spring to a considerable distance, and the sound of the bursting the integument may be heard at a great distance. The *onopordum acanthum* has been noticed for its maternal care of its young seeds; when the petals have fallen off, the calyx closes in over them, firmly embracing them, and retaining them until the proper period arrives when they are fit for germination; they are then suffered to drop and find their way into the subparent soil. In most of those plants which have no seed vessels, there seems to be a provision by which the plant converts either its corolla or its calyx into a cradle, in which its young is to be taken care of and watched over until it can be safely deposited in the earth. Botanists have especially pointed to the cyclamen for the singular care with which her seeds are lodged by her in the ground. Scarcely has the anther shed its pollen when the peduncles on which the germs are deposited twist themselves spirally downwards until the seed vessels come into immediate contact with the earth; and those who have attended to the phenomena assert that they actually penetrate it for the purpose of depositing these future plants. Those who would see collected together a number of most curious facts which illustrate the subject, and who would feel interested in the question, whether volition, irritability, and sensation are present, will find that, amongst our English botanists, Darwin has entered into it with all the enthusiasm which a true love of science begets, nor has the great founder of botanic science, Linnæus, passed unheeded by these wonderful phenomena, which, whilst they excite the most lively curiosity, serve as additional proofs of the wisdom of Him who created all. Amongst others who devoted attention to the probability of sensation in vegetables, and whose little work is written with great and acute powers of reasoning, must be enumerated Dr. Tupper. His essay was but short, but it was a source of scientific enjoyment to those who perused it. He arrives at the conclusion, after a vigorous investigation, that vegetables, like animals, are endued with sensation of such kind and in such degree as is best adapted for their own existence. With this idea all will be willing to concur who have discussed the matter. The author of "The Sketches of the Physiology of Vegetable Life" has likewise brought together a mass of curious information, gleaned from a variety of sources, and asks the following question, to which no satisfactory answer can be offered: "Will it be too daring to predict that the variety of wonderful phenomena, which hourly present themselves to our view, in the study of vegetable economy, will in a short time be universally ascribed to the same power of volition which we unhesitatingly grant to animals of the most inert nature?"

Amongst the subjects which the vegetable physiologist has already studied, but of which he is yet incapable of offering decisive opinions, is the nature of the nervous and the muscular power with which some of them are endowed. That there are plants which possess the power of motion, has been known to us from the earliest time of observation on their nature and habits, the *mimosa sensitiva*, with its extraordinary power of

collapse, the contraction of the leaves of the glaucine, of the cassia, and of several of the papilionaceous class, the faculty of motion of leaves of the *hedysarum gyrans*, the *dionæa muscipulas*, the *drosera*, all exhibit phenomena which prove that they are imbued with the property which induces portions of the system to contract upon the application of stimulus, and which more especially is found to exist in muscular fibre; that, again, many plants seek the light, spread out their leaves to the sun, sleep at particular periods, and exhibit sensation which belongs to the nervous system.

The instinctive economy of vegetables has been asserted by some physiologists, and numerous have been the curious examples which from time to time have been excited; and that they obey certain innate impulses, which teach them to seek the best means for carrying out their existence and for the reproduction of beings similar to themselves. The science of electro-galvanism is likely to throw some light upon the irritability of vegetables, and to show whether any of them actually possess a muscular tissue capable of being acted upon by this stimulus. From the first observations of Galvani to the present moment, although few experiments have been lately tried, it was shown that galvanism has a striking power of exciting the irritability of muscular fibre, and even after life has ceased, phenomena of the most singular character have been exhibited. The spasms, the convulsions, and the contortions which have followed upon trials of its power have shown how decided is its influence. Whether this action be upon the imperceptible nervous fibrillæ disseminated throughout the tissue has not yet been ascertained, for the effects have been visible wherever muscular fibre has been exposed to its action. The power of electro-galvanism has lately been tried upon the seeds of plants, and its effects are as yet not sufficiently ascertained; but there is reason to believe that this agent will induce germination to take place much more rapidly, and that in agriculture it may be found useful.

It is now several years since vegetable structure was first submitted to the action of the galvanic pile; and when first investigations upon that branch of philosophy were commenced, great expectations were entertained that we should, through such means, arrive at some degree of proof that plants possessed sensation. Amongst others, Willdenow anticipated such a result. Unfortunately the progress of that branch of knowledge was suspended during the long war, and those who had commenced with ardor and zeal experiments which astonished the world laid them aside for subjects of apparently more immediate interest. Amongst those who thus distinguished themselves was Humboldt, but he has not resumed the experiments and the speculations into which he had entered. His observations did not lead to any decisive results, for he was not successful in many of his trials, and that he had occasional reason to believe that some plants were subject to the power of galvanism, if he found others to resist it altogether; and Giulo, of Turin, found somewhat different results upon the same species of plants.

This ingenious philosopher conducted a series of experiments which showed that several plants were highly susceptible to galvanic influence. Amongst these, especially, were some of those whose irritability had been the theme of general observation. Thus he was able to show a striking effect upon the *mimosca pudica*, the *sensitiva* and

the *asperata*; but no such susceptibility was visible in the *hedysarum gyrans*. There appeared to him this striking difference between the effect of galvanic action upon animals and upon plants—that the effect was instantaneous, the contractions immediate, upon animals, and that it was almost consentaneous with the application; whilst in plants it occurred after some time had elapsed, then languidly, and that the fibres appeared as if affected consecutively. We have, however, not sufficient data afforded us by Giulo to enable us to know with what species of animals he drew his comparison with the action he produced on these plants. As far as our limited experiments have yet proceeded, we must confess that we have seen, as yet, little probability of ascertaining the quantity of what is termed muscular fibre, as developed upon the most sensitive leaf; for we have seen little or no susceptibility to galvanic action excepting in the *mimosa*. As the spring advances, and as our conservatories furnish us with occasion to examine the subject, we shall not lose the opportunity, as it will lead to the solution of questions in which we are all more or less interested; and whatever adds even triflingly, to the sum of our knowledge, may become useful to some inquirer into the vegetable world. Some of the beautiful fictions of mythology teach us that our forests abound with lovely and accomplished nymphs bound in the hollow of the tree, and that he who frees them from their enchantment becomes gifted with more than mortal endowment, and becomes possessed of the superior being he has enfranchised. From this allegory the inference may be drawn, that each portion of the vegetable world shuts up some secret of science, which, becoming known, gives to its possessor power over his fellow-beings, and an intellectual gratification, which is one of the dearest possessions he can enjoy.

JOHN BAPTIST STIGLMAIER.—This celebrated artist held at the time of his death the appointment of inspector of the Royal Foundry at Munich. He was born at Fürstenpeldlrück, near Munich, in 1791, and was the son of a farrier. His taste for art arose from his visits to the neighboring cloister, the frescoes and statues of which he copied while yet carrying barefooted the milk-can, whence it was his daily office to distribute the produce of the dairy. His father, being persuaded to cultivate his disposition for art, apprenticed him to a goldsmith at Munich, with the understanding that he should, in his leisure hours, attend the academy of which Leprieur was then the director, and by whom he was soon distinguished. As a medallist and a sculptor the works of Stiglmaier rank very high; and his skill and experience in bronze casting are exhibited in the numerous works which he has executed in metal—among which are many of his own, as also many of the most excellent of Schwanthaler's productions—as the twelve gilded statues in the throne-room at Munich; the statues of General Becker, Jean Paul, Mozart, the Margrave Frederick of Brandenburg, &c., &c.; and, after works of Thorwaldsen, the statues of Schiller, of the Elector Maximilian I., &c. He died immediately after the casting of the statue of Göthe. Being confined to his bed, and extremely anxious about the progress of the work, he received from time to time information as to the progress of the casting, and sustained himself until the successful completion was announced by his nephew, Ferdinand Miller.—*Art Union*

From the Polytechnic Review.

THE ATMOSPHERIC PRINCIPLE FOR RAILWAYS.

THE committee of the house of commons, headed by Viscount Howick, have made a report, which, both for the interesting facts which it includes, and the importance of the subject in reference to the future prospects of railway undertakings, is deserving of marked attention. The question was one which appears to have excited a warm interest amongst the members of the committee themselves, who divided four times upon various passages in the report; Mr. H. Hind having been in two cases the only dissident, and in a third only associated with two other members against nine.

The recent report against the Northumberland Atmospheric Railway by the committee of which Viscount Worsley was the chairman, would be of a nature to lead some persons to believe that the atmospheric principle was discountenanced by those best able to judge of the matter upon practical grounds. This is an error which we feel it our duty to remove. We have reason to believe that the majority of the committee in question were strongly impressed with the merits and claims of the atmospheric principle, and that it was only upon the consideration that the proposed Northumberland line was a link in an important chain of railway communication already established, that they were led to their decision of giving the preference to the already established locomotive principle. And even with this consideration to influence their judgment, they were nearly two hours in deliberation before their decision was announced.

This circumstance, connected with the strong report of the committee on the atmospheric principle itself, adds considerable weight in its favor; and we candidly declare our belief that the abstract principle of atmospheric propulsion is such as, with the improvement of which it is susceptible, must hereafter to a very great extent supersede the present mode of railway communication. We will not here refer in detail to any of the recent inventions in connexion with this subject;—as the improved communicating medium of Mr. Pilbrow, and the improved exhausting system for the more speedy production of the necessary vacuum, by Mr. Nasmyth; but we cannot help expressing a belief that the promptness with which these improvements have been offered to us, and the fertility of invention which they prove to exist amongst our practical engineers, lead us to anticipate, within a very brief period, the removal of many of the objections which are at present urged against the principle of atmospheric railway communication, particularly as relates to short local traffic, which, in many instances, is of the most important and lucrative character. With these observations, we now proceed to give at length the report of the committee on this subject.

REPORT.

Your committee have given their best attention to this interesting subject. Adverting to the great number of railway bills now in progress, they consider that one of the most practical results of this inquiry would be lost if their report were delayed until after these bills had passed through committee, and a decision had already been made on their comparative merits.

Your committee have endeavored, therefore, to present to the house, with as little delay as is

consistent with the due discharge of their duty, the evidence which they have taken, and the opinions to which they have come, and they trust that their labor may not prove altogether useless to the committees that have to decide on the particular railway schemes now pending.

The house are aware that a railway on the atmospheric principle is already in operation between Kingstown and Dalkey in Ireland.

The first object of your committee was to make a full inquiry into the result of this experiment. From Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Bergin, and Mr. Vignoles, gentlemen officially connected with the Kingstown and Dublin and Kingstown and Dalkey Railways, they received the fullest and frankest evidence on all the points connected with their management. Your committee had also the advantage of the opinion of Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, whose scientific knowledge and acquirements render his testimony particularly valuable on the theoretical merits of such an invention.

From this evidence, and from that of Mr. Samuda, it appears that the Dalkey Line has been open for nineteen months, that it has worked with regularity and safety throughout all the vicissitudes of temperature, and that the few interruptions which have occurred have arisen rather from the inexperience of the attendants, than from any material defect of the system.

Your committee find, moreover, that high velocities have been attained with proportional loads on an incline averaging 1 in 115, within a course in which the power is applied only during one mile and an eighth.

These results have been displayed under circumstances which afford no fair criterion of what may be expected elsewhere; for, in addition to the curves on the line, which would have been considered objectionable, if not impracticable, for locomotive engines, there are alleged to exist defects in the machinery and apparatus, occasioned partly by the difficulties of the situation, partly by mistakes inseparable from a first attempt, which very seriously detract from the efficiency of the power employed, for the remedy of which provision has been made in the experiments now in progress.

These are important facts. They establish the mechanical efficiency of the atmospheric power to convey with regularity, speed, and security, the traffic upon one section of pipe between two termini; and your committee have since been satisfied, by the evidence of Messrs. Brunel, Cubitt, and Vignoles, that there is no mechanical difficulty which will oppose the working of the same system upon a line of any length. They are further confirmed in this opinion by the conduct of the Dalkey and Kingstown directors, who have at this moment before Parliament a proposition to extend their atmospheric line to Bray.

In addition to the witnesses already mentioned, your committee have had the advantage of hearing the objections urged by Messrs. Nicholson, Stephenson, and Locke against the adoption of the atmospheric principle, and the grounds of their preference for the locomotive now in use.

Your committee must refer the house to the valuable evidence given by these gentlemen. It will be seen that great difference of opinion exists between them and the other witnesses to whom your committee have before referred, both in their estimation of what has already been effected, and in their calculations of future improvement.

But without entering upon all the controverted points, your committee have no hesitation in stating, that a single atmospheric line is superior to a double locomotive line both in regularity and safety, inasmuch as it makes collisions impossible, except at crossing-places, and excludes all the danger and irregularity arising from casualties to engines or their tenders. Now the importance of these considerations will be best estimated by a reference to the return of accidents for 15 months, appended to this report. It will there be seen that there have been during that period 14 collisions upon the road, and 13 accidents to engines, which would altogether have been avoided on the atmospheric system, and that these casualties entailed the loss of 11 lives, as well as the serious injury of 45 persons. From the other 20 accidents, common to both systems, resulted only four deaths, and two persons injured. There is certainly one case in which the engine passed uninjured over cattle lying upon the road, together with its entire train; but then against this security derived from the advantage of weight in surmounting obstacles, must be set the great danger to which the engine-driver and stoker are exposed, standing as they do upon an open platform.

Your committee desire also to bring to the attention of the house a peculiarity of the atmospheric system which has been adduced by the objectors to prove how unsuited it must be profitably to carry on a small and irregular traffic; namely, that the greatest proportion of the expenses of haulage on the atmospheric principle are constant, and cannot be materially reduced, however small the amount of the traffic may be. This is, no doubt, a serious objection to the economy of the atmospheric system under the circumstances above alluded to. But, on the other hand, as the expenses do not increase in proportion to the frequency of the trains, it is to the interest of the companies adopting the atmospheric principle to increase the amount of their traffic by running frequent light trains, at low rates of fare; by which the convenience of the public must be greatly promoted. Upon an atmospheric railway the moving power is most economically applied, by dividing the weight to be carried into a considerable number of light trains. By locomotive engines, on the contrary, the power is most conveniently applied by concentrating the traffic in a smaller number of heavier trains. The rate of speed at which trains of moderate weight can be conveyed on an atmospheric line, makes comparatively little difference in the cost of conveyance; whilst the cost of moving trains by locomotive engines increases rapidly with the speed.

Now when it is considered that we surrender to great monopolies the regulation of all the arteries of communication throughout the kingdom, that it depends in a great measure upon their view of their interest when we shall travel, at what speed we shall travel, and what we shall pay, it becomes a material consideration, in balancing the advantages ensured to the public by rival systems, to estimate not so much what they respectively can do, but what, in the pursuit of their own emolument, they will do.

The main objections of the opponents of the atmospheric system seem to rest, 1st, on the supposed increased expense of the atmospheric apparatus over and above the saving made in the construction of the road; 2d, on the inconven-

ience and irregularity attending upon a single line. With reference to the last point, your committee felt it their duty to direct their first attention to the question of security, and they have already stated that there is more security in a single atmospheric line than in a double locomotive. They may further observe, that they find the majority of the engineers who have been examined are decidedly of opinion that any ordinary traffic might be carried on with regularity and convenience by a single atmospheric line.

Mr. Brunel has proposed to double the line in those places where trains are intended to meet; and he has further shown that in a hilly country, with long planes of sufficient inclination to allow of the descent of trains by the unaided power of gravity, it might be possible to effect this object without the expense of the tube.

With respect to expense, and to some other contested points, your committee do not feel themselves competent to report a decided opinion. It would scarcely be possible at the present time to institute a fair comparison of a system which has had fifteen years of growth and development, with another which is as yet in its infancy. That comparison would, after all, be very uncertain; it must depend much on details of which we are ignorant; much on scientific knowledge which we do not possess.

There are, however, questions of practical importance, having reference to the present state of the railway bills before the house, to which your committee consider themselves bound to advert.

There is a doubt raised in the reports of the Board of Trade, whether the atmospheric system has been sufficiently tested to justify the preference of a line which can only be worked on the atmospheric system, or which presents gradients less favorable than a competing line for the use of the locomotive engine.

If it were practicable to suspend all railway legislation until the result of the Devon and Cornwall, and of the Epsom and Croydon atmospheric lines were known; it would be perhaps the most cautious and prudent course to wait that result; but such a course, independent of all considerations of expediency, is evidently impracticable. Your committee venture therefore to express their opinion to the house, that in deciding between competing lines of railway, those which have been set out to suit the atmospheric principle ought not to be considered as open to valid objection merely on account of their having gradients too severe for the locomotive, nor should they be tested in comparison with other lines solely by the degree of their suitableness to the use of the locomotive.

No doubt, in matters like these experience alone can decide the ultimate result, but your committee think that there is ample evidence which would justify the adoption of an atmospheric line at the present time. All the witnesses they have examined concur in its mechanical success. Mr. Bidder says, "I consider the mechanical problem as solved, whether the atmosphere could be made an efficient tractive agent. There can be no question about that; and the apparatus worked, as far as I observed it, very well. The only question in my mind was as to the commercial application of it." Mr. Stephenson admits that under certain circumstances of gradients, (1315), and under certain circumstances of traffic without reference to gradi-

ents, (1204,) the atmospheric system would be preferable.

While your committee have thus expressed a strong opinion in favor of the general merits of the atmospheric principle, they feel that experience can alone determine under what circumstances of traffic or of country the preference to either system should be given.

April 22, 1845.

A MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE past winter has been one of dismal heaviness to us, for it has been so to many dear friends; a cold bleak "season"—each month surpassing its predecessor in the number of its bereavements, until we have asked each other, "Is the cup of sorrow yet unfilled?" All through February and March the dull boom of the death-bell mingled with the snow-wreath and rose above the storm, while the frost-bound earth echoed the clank of the mattock and the spade. We do not speak of the simple hearts, near and dear, whom death found as fittest for immortality—ripest for the sickle—but of others, known to the world about us, who have been taken "home" in the flower of their days; and more especially of one, just gone, whose gentle spirit passed away while nature was recruiting—resuming her leaves and flowers, and wearing once again a happy look of plenteousness and peace.

First, from over the sea, came news of the death of one who, if longer spared, would have achieved a much higher reputation than she had yet won—for her mind was evidently gaining strength, and her views of life and knowledge of literature were expanding. One of our contemporaries has said, that Mary Ann Browne was "spoiled at first by over-praise;" overpraised the girl-poet might have been, but none who have read what she has written as Mrs. James Gray could have deemed her "spoiled"—for all her later works evince care and thought, and much genuine refinement; and her last small volume of poems—"Sketches from the Antique"—supply evidence of higher hopes and holier aspirations than belong to the "spoiled" children of the Muses. Her short life, though uneventful, was chequered and of uneven course—as literary lives always are in England—but she was a loving and a beloved wife, esteemed by those who knew her as a kind and amiable woman, and one of rare industry. I found it hard to believe that death had taken her from the new-born infant that nestled in her bosom; that the grave had closed over the laughing girl I had seen but as yesterday—her rich brown curls clustering round her throat, and her eyes luminous with mirth.

But heavier sorrows followed. There are few, indeed, who are acquainted with the light and graceful literature of our country—who cull the simple and natural flowers so plentifully scattered in their paths—to whom the name of Laman Blanchard is unknown: his ready and eloquent pen could indite a sonnet, point an epigram, tell a story, or lend interest to an essay, while slower spirits were wondering and pondering what they had to write about.

His name was a pleasant watchword, a guarantee that something was to follow—racy and fanciful. His wit, rather genial than caustic, and so abounding that it brightened everything it played about, was checked only by a sensitive desire to

avoid giving pain; even where to censure became a duty, this tenderness in his nature was apparent in his writings: he frequently stopped short of his object lest he might inflict a wound. Of late, few articles bore his name in periodical works; and those who are unacquainted with the mighty mechanism that scatters "leaders," "criticisms," and "reviews,"—"opinions" of all kinds on all subjects to guide the multitude,—little imagine what volumes have passed down the stream of time—written for "the day," by this man of many labors, but upon which the power of the throbbing brain had been lavishly expended.

Sixteen years ago we knew him; ever as a poet, buoyant with youth and hope—his purpose fixed, his independence unflinching—with the dreamy, ardent temperament of a genuine "child of song," yet turning himself to the direst and hardest duty work, and laboring at everything that did not compromise the principles with which he set out in life—fighting his way with a brave heart and a bright eye, known only to be loved, and imparting as much pleasure to, as he received from, literary society. Many are the happy and profitable hours we have passed together; his ready sympathy attracting confidence that was never betrayed. Alas! his wife became the victim of a distressing malady; and his sensitive nerves were ill able to endure long midnight watching, relieved only by midnight labor—the coin with which genius purchases bread. She died some months ago, and to all but him her death seemed a mercy. From that time, however, his light of life either blazed or flickered, as it was excited. He rose up, and went about, and wrote, when he could, but fancied, and perhaps truly, that he could not write as he had done. The fact was, his mind required repose—a total absence from labor—it craved rest; but how is the producer of periodical literature to find rest! People tell you "not to be excited," "not to overwork yourself." Ah! they cannot see underneath the gay draperies that society folds around the form—they cannot see the chains that bind us to the galley. A terror that he should be unable to provide for his children took hold of our poor friend—seized him by the brain through the heart; his eyes became affected—to all appearance they were as bright as ever, but he could not endure the light, and continued to suffer intensely; his imagination appeared to retain its power after his reason had given way; and thus was the fountain of life exhausted at one-and-forty! The eloquent and tender poet—the man with many real friends, yet dying in harness which, if one ready hand had unbuckled for a time, might have been worn, after a brief rest, in honor for many years! Not but he was difficult to manage; loath to owe any debt save to his own exertions; and proud, as all right-thinking men must be—of the independence that had won the respect and friendship of the intellectual and the true; and it was hard, when you saw his bright face, or heard his pleasant words, to think of him and sorrow—the sure suggestion was, that he would be better by-and-by. Ah! it was a mournful termination to such a life.

And, after he was laid in his grave, the bells tolled on; another and another passed away—names highly honored in Art—Calcott, Smirke, Phillips, the gentle and highly-gifted Duncan; and now one whose name has long been a household word, but whose death has been anticipated for months, nay, for years—the noble poet—yet, strange to say, better known as the annual "jester"

—THOMAS HOOD. Truly, the man who, year after year, furnished abundant food for mirth, and yet could imagine "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and depict such realities as "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," must have been formed in no common mould! He, too, is gone "home!"

I remember the first time I met him was at one of the pleasant *soirées* of the painter Martin; for a moment I turned away—as many have done—disappointed, for the countenance, in repose, was of melancholy rather than of mirth; there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, which, in public, was seldom relieved by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the occasional sparkle of the observant eye; and it was a general remark among his acquaintances, that he was too quiet for "the world." There are many wit-watchers to be found in society, who think there is nothing in a man, unless, like a sounding-board, he make a great noise at a small touch,—who consider themselves aggrieved, unless an "author" open at once like a book, and speak as he writes; this vulgar notion, like others of the same stamp, creeps into good society, or what is so considered, and I have seen both Hook and Hood "set," as a pointer sets a partridge, by persons who glitter in evanescent light simply by repeating what such men have said. Mr. Hook, perhaps, liked this celebrity—this sitting and staring, this lion hunt—so different from the heart-worship paid to veritable greatness. Mr. Hood did not: he was too sensitive, too refined, to endure it; the dislike to being pointed at as the "man who was funny" kept him out of a crowd, where there were always numbers who really honored his genius, and loved him for his gentle and domestic virtues. It was only among his friends that his playful fancy flourished, or that he yielded to its influence; although, strictly speaking, "social" in all his feelings, he never sought to stimulate his wit by the false poison of draughts of wine; nor was he ever more cheerful than when at his own fireside he enjoyed the companionship of his dear and devoted wife. He was playful as a child; and his imagination, pure as bright, frolicked with nature, whom he loved too well ever to outrage or insult by slight or misrepresentation. And yet he was City born, and City bred—born in the unpoetic district of "the Poultry;" though born as it were, to letters, for his father was a bookseller; and the son was remarkable for great vivacity of spirits, and prone to astonish good citizens, guests at his father's, no less than his fellow-pupils when at school, by the shrewdness and brilliancy of his observations upon topics of which it was thought he knew nothing. He finished his education at Camberwell; and, even at that early age being in very precarious health, was advised to try the effect of a sea voyage upon his constitution. The sea suited him not. I can well imagine its boiling turbulence—its fitfulness—its glittering brightness, and its fearful storms finding no sympathy in the gentle bosom of the author of "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

He passed some years, on his return, with relatives in "Bonny Dundee;" and, manifesting a great talent for drawing, was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver. But he trifled with the pencil, while he labored with the

pen; his future destiny was pointed out by the light of genius. And what rare talents did he not possess, blended with the gentleness and kindness of the sweetest of poetic temperaments—how full his sympathies!—how honest his heart—how great and true in all things! Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was free from all bitterness and harshness of spirit, feeling intensely for the sufferings of others; he was in every way unselfish; prone to the very last to turn his own sad sufferings into jests, and forcing those who wept over his agony, fierce as it was, (until the last dull sleep which continued from the Tuesday to the Saturday of his death,) to smile at the wittiness of his conceits, mingling as they did with a touching consciousness of his situation, and the solemn belief in that *HEREAFTER* which, in all faith and humility, we believe—to the full extent of knowledge—he now enjoys.

But what a sad picture—and by no means a solitary one—do the last months of this GREAT MAN'S life display! "The Song of a Shirt" was knocking at every heart in Great Britain, while its author was panting for breath, and trying to enlist the forces of his friends in the launch of the Magazine that still bears his name. And his friends stood by him: they gathered willingly beneath the banner, which, had it been raised by a strong arm instead of one trembling with pain and the unsteadiness of departed health, would have battled the breeze nobly and waved for years triumphantly above—as a shelter to—his home. A little longer, and the difficulties of his position increased; one illness succeeded another, and "l'Envoi" at the end of each "periodical labor" induced the mingled smiles and tears of his admirers. He wrote wit while propped by pillows; and the chapters of a novel—doomed to remain, like his life, a great fragment—were produced between the intervals and beatings of heart disease.

Alas! what those endure who *write* for bread! But it is all over with him now: the *gold* has been refined and the *crucible* is broken; the toilworn body has been bowed in death that the *soul* might escape into life; the mortal ceremonies have been burst; the winged child is borne into the true life—the life of eternity! Those who loved him best rejoice at his release from labor—never remunerated in proportion to the pleasure it gave—never in a way at all commensurate with the enormous profit it produced—seldom, perhaps, thought of by those whose hearts it opened. Latterly his dear friends had been agonized by his terrible lament, "I cannot die—I cannot die!" Such friends were thankful to lay him, on the 10th of May, in a calm grave at Kensal-green. It will not, we are sure, be long before a monument is raised to his memory; and there are hearts enough in England to remember that his widow and two children have but the hundred a year to subsist on—bestowed by Sir R. Peel, whose letter, in words which did him honor, conveyed the request that he might be permitted to make the personal acquaintance of one whose works and whose character he had long admired and appreciated. In this generous wish and hope he was destined to be disappointed—but

Honor and glory to a great statesman with a good heart! Such men are worthy almoners of genius!

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE most effectual, probably the only useful means of putting down the slave-trade, is the establishment of settlements *upon the coasts* for the civilization and christianization of the Africans.

If Great Britain should put down the most successful attempt to do this which has ever been made, in order to force her trade, what shall we think of her sincerity? We commend the following articles to our readers.

From the Colonization Herald.

A CRISIS.—Liberia, after having encountered the perils incident to the first period of colonial settlement, and overcome the obstacles interposed by ignorant barbarians and slave-traders, is, it will be seen from the tenor of various statements, now to be subjected to other and unlooked-for attacks, threatening her political integrity and her very existence as a separate and legally organized state. Safe from the aggressions of the native tribes, both by her ability to repel their incursions and by a still stronger power, that of obvious and active interest in their welfare, and opening for them a legal commerce with the civilized world—while to the latter she has clearly exhibited herself as the nursery of freemen of the African race, the land of refuge for the oppressed and wronged of this race from all parts of the world, and the secure home for the Missionaries of the Cross—Liberia had, it was thought, irresistible claims on all Christendom for sympathy, for countenance, for support. Most of all, had she a right to look for satisfactory manifestations of this nature, from the government and people of that country which took so conspicuous a part in legislative enactments and subsequent treaties with other powers, for the cessation of the slave-trade, and which, at a later period, abolished the tenure of property in slaves in all the West India Islands.

Great Britain, with an apparent intentness of purpose to extinguish, if possible, the nefarious traffic in slaves, along the entire coast of Africa, has even risked the harmony that ought ever to subsist with the other great powers, by her urgent endeavors with France and the United States to have the right of search reciprocally allowed. At this very time, in conformity with a formal agreement between her and our own country, an American squadron is kept continually on the coast of Africa with a view to the repression and final destruction of the slave-trade. Everywhere and at all times, she has proclaimed herself to be the friend of Africa, for the better protection of whose people she has incurred immense expense in the settlement of Sierra Leone, and for whose civilization she has, ostensibly at least, fitted out more than one costly expedition. It is true that all these plans and efforts have been in a great measure unsuccessful, but still the single-minded philanthropists, throughout the world, were generally disposed to give her the credit of honesty of intention and a sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of the sons of Africa wherever found. Into the question of her sincerity generally, it is not our intention at the present time to inquire. We fairly examined it in its chief bearings some time back, with a single eye to truth and justice, and in no inimical spirit to Great Britain. The

results were not flattering to her, and the argument was displeasing to some of our friends, as it was, we fear, painful to some of her own people, between whose generous instincts and large benevolence and the tortuous and too often selfish course of their government, we should, however, always admit a broad contrast. Is not the remark unhappily too true when applied to nearly all governments? The time is speedily arriving when the sincerity of our own will be tested, in reference to the colonies of American negroes on the Western Coast of Africa.

But to revert to the painful position in which Liberia is now placed by the declarations of the British government through the commanders of its squadrons on the coast. These are to the effect, that the laws and regulations established by the people of Liberia through the legitimate organ of a regularly framed government, based on the best and generally received principles of religious freedom, equity and social order, are void and of no avail, as far as they are intended to apply to commercial intercourse between British vessels and subjects and the natives, either within the limits of Liberia proper, or in places under her recognized protection and control. The plea is, that the government of Liberia is not recognized by the United States, but that it is under the direction of a society, which, as it has no large powers of its own, so neither can it confer them on the colony. For the broad and equitable view of this question, we refer our readers to some remarks on our first page, contained in the Report of the Maryland Colonization Society; but we content ourselves just now with exposing the extreme inconsistency of the British government in its new and hostile attitude to the government and people of Liberia.

It is not pretended by the British government or traders, that commerce shall be carried on promiscuously with the people of West Africa, or that it is competent for the captain or supercargo of a vessel to land and sell his goods and merchandise to the natives, at any part of the coast he may choose, without the consent of the princes or head men of the tribe. On the contrary, the latter personages are always propitiated by presents, which are, in fact, equivalent to duties on the goods subsequently sold to the natives, if not on the products which these latter bring in barter. It is easy to conceive, however, that as each vessel must make its own terms, which will vary with the tribe or people, and the avarice and caprice of the chief, even at the same place, the agreement made in the case of one trader will be no precedent for his immediate successor; and as there are constant changes in the princes or head men, owing to war and treason, forbidding the certainty of adequate protection to the vessel and crew even at the very time at which the agreement is made, commerce carried on in this way must be liable and is really subjected to continual fluctuations, alike detrimental to the regular trader and the permanent interests of the natives themselves.

It might be supposed that the substitution, for this irregular and uncertain fashion of trade, of a regular and uniform system, in the shape of import duties levied by an organized government, as that of Liberia confessedly is, would be hailed with satisfaction by every civilized state, and especially by Great Britain, whose efforts have been for a long time ostensibly directed to the civilization of

Africa, one of the most efficient means for promoting which is regular commerce. Least of all, should we expect that this better state of things would be objected to by the commanders of British cruisers, whose special mission to the African coast is for the prevention of the slave-trade, when it is known that an indispensable condition for its entire suppression is the success of the system of colonization on that coast, and the establishment of well-ordered governments, like that of Liberia at the present time.

The subject is one of vital importance to the welfare of the Liberian commonwealth, and it has naturally elicited opinions and views from the conductors of the press, which might be expected from their intelligence and patriotism. To some of these, as contained in the *Liberia Herald*, and transferred to our columns under the present date, we recommend a careful perusal. We have in reserve an able article on the subject from Africa's Luminary, which we hope to place before our readers in our number for July.

From the *Liberia Herald*.

OUR AFFAIRS.—Our last letters from America present us with encouraging prospects in regard to African Colonization. Colonization appears to be attracting somewhat more of attention than was given to it the three or four years last past, and the attention now paid to it is of a more favorable character. Connected with this, however, is a fact of which the people of these colonies should never lose sight; and that fact is, that cautiousness should ever be observed in placing reliance upon a cause which depends for its onward movement upon a foreign popular favor. Such are the fickleness and versatility of the multitude—such their anxiety and burning for something new and striking that many regard them unworthy and unsafe arbiters of even their own destinies. The object of ardent pursuit to-day, will likely be among the forgotten of the morrow. Colonization should not take these irregular and spasmodic impulses as the prelude movements of a regular and abiding force, but should regard them as indicating for the time, the direction of the public mind, whose most striking characteristic is ceaseless change. Whilst we should ever close our minds against the entrance of the conceit which would affect to disdain the sympathy and aid of others, let us remember that to expect to be made “a people” solely by the efforts of others, or even to desire it, would prove *defacto* that we are unworthy of the boon we desire. A *name* and a *place* are among Heaven's brightest gifts, and Heaven rarely bestows its benisons upon the enervate and irresolute. While therefore we should never be insensible to the efforts of our friends abroad, nor to any indications of a favorable public regard for our cause and condition, but receive with grateful hearts every emotion of sympathy, let us yet recollect the heat and burden of the day are to be borne by us.

The lesson fraught with the greatest blessing to us we have yet to learn. The bone and sinew are ours—others can only advise the direction of their movement. The eager anxiety and the numerous inquiries on the arrival of letters from America, to know what the society is doing, indicate too truly, we fear, an unworthy and unmanly reliance on the efforts of others; while the great objects to which our friends abroad direct our attention as the

certain highway to independence, because they involve in their accomplishment difficulty and labor, are too systematically neglected.

That we have recently made some improvements, and that there have been some developments of capacity among us, there can be no doubt; but these have not been commensurate with our opportunities. The present position of the colony, is one exceedingly perplexing and anomalous; and as if past annoyances to which the colored man has been everywhere subjected, are not sufficient, foreigners are now wielding this anomaly greatly to our disadvantage. We have long seen the probability of this difficulty, but would not allow ourselves to believe we should soon be plunged into it. Professing, as the English do, so much philanthropy and so extended and high-toned benevolence, we hoped everything from them; but Commodore Jones' last letter to the governor has dispelled the illusion, and warns us that we have most to fear where once we had indulged the most pleasing expectations. His diplomatic communication contains one sentence which, we presume, would find a place in a correspondence with no people on earth, except Liberians. It is a kind of genteel braggardism—of diplomatic gasconade over a prostrate victim from whom nothing is to be apprehended. We have compared the style and spirit of this communication with the commodore's correspondence with American commanders on this station, and we can find no escape from the conviction, that, when penning this letter, he kept distinctly before his eye the resources of the people he was addressing.

It is clear we cannot exist if the British maintain the position assumed by the commodore, as we shall be exposed to incursion by every British trader that comes to the coast—to which if we dare oppose resistance, we shall feel the full vengeance of all-powerful England.

But until it be denied that we are men, it will not be denied that we have certain rights—among these, the right to breathe God's free air—to purchase land from its rightful owners, to dig that land and eat its fruits—to govern ourselves on that land, and to adjust the conditions on which others shall come among us. These are altogether distinct, in our opinion at least, from international rights. The former are founded on the unavoidable wants of our common nature—that is, they are the gift of God, and therefore cannot be conferred by any people on another; the latter is founded on conventional agreement—the former is necessary to our existence, the latter not.

It behooves us, therefore, to prove ourselves worthy of these rights, by our industry, perseverance, good order and virtue. By clearing away these primitive forests and developing the rich resources of the unreclaimed country—by recovering these semi-savage tribes around us from their barbarism and tutoring them in the arts and manners of civilized and Christian life, we will exhibit a claim to be let alone, which no people who have any respect for justice, will dare to disregard.

We are aware that we are exposing ourself by attempting to awaken the people to a perception of their condition, and by calling on them to prepare against a premature end. Our well-meant endeavors in this, as in other things, have been traduced, and our sincerest motives impugned. We heed it not. We feel strong in the rectitude of purpose. Already we are stigmatized in Amer-

ica as having attempted a revolution in the colony and to get a recognition of the independence of the colony by England without consulting the society. The charge is too ridiculous for vindication—but if it needs any, we leave it to be made by the people of Liberia. When the proper time arrives to speak out, we trust we shall not be wanting in courage to do so.

Since the above article has been in type, we have received an article on the above subject from the pen, not of a Liberian. The name of the gentleman would ensure the article a candid consideration; but it speaks for itself. We are gratified to perceive the striking accordance between the writer's views and our own on the subject.

The Liberian colonies occupy at this moment a position at once very interesting and very critical. The great experiment which it was the object of the Colonization Society to make, has been made and has proved successful. Against all the obstacles presented by the want of ample means, the mismanagement of agents, the unhealthiness of the African climate, the previous character of those who have emigrated, and the prejudices and passions of Americans at home, it has successfully contended; and it may be considered as settled, that people of color from the United States, may be brought to the coast and settled at an expense of time, money, life and labor not much greater than would attend their emigration from New England to the more distant western states. We have called this a *great* experiment; the term is well applied; it is *great* in every point of view; great as to the emigrants; for it has raised them from a degraded and servile position to the elevation and dignity of freemen, with the means of indefinite improvement in intellect, morals, and religion; great as to the *race*; for it points out to them a sure asylum from the indignities and evils which fall so heavily upon them in America; great as to the *continent*; a little one may become a strong nation; colonies are the roots from which nations and kindreds and people and tongues have sprung and must spring. Who can tell how near the time may be when nations may find it *expedient at least*, to send back to their ancestral land, those who were taken from it by their fathers' hand! The question as to what must be done with the descendants of Africa in the lands of the whites, presses closer and closer every day and every hour; it must be both met and answered, and it *may be so* answered, as that emigrants shall flock to these shores like as doves to their windows. He shows little thought and wisdom, then, who turns with disdain from the consideration of these Liberian colonies.

The society has done all that can reasonably be expected of it; it has planted the colonies and continues yearly to add to their inhabitants; but the prosperity of these settlements must be dependent mainly on the character and conduct of the colonists themselves; a truth which cannot be too frequently repeated. Everything depends on the industry, intelligence and moral character of the Liberians themselves. Circumstances render it quite probable that it may soon be necessary for these colonies to assume another character; as they increase in population and importance, it will become more and more requisite that they should assume some definite *political position*. Either as recognized colonists of the United States of Amer-

ica, or as an independent state. They cannot long continue as mere settlements under the protection of the Colonization Society; that society having of itself no independent political rights, can confer none upon these colonies; and these colonists cannot long expect to find their laws respected by men of other nations; because their political character is not one recognized by the law of nations. As colonies of the United States, their position would be *definite*, and their laws respected and obeyed; but there is hardly the remotest probability that that government will ever recognize them as such; it is contrary to the policy of that nation. It remains, therefore, as the only alternative, that at some no distant period *these colonies must govern themselves*; whether this event is desired by the colonists or not, whether it is upon the whole desirable or not, is of no consequence; the event itself may be looked upon as certain. How vastly important is it then that every man in this colony should remember continually that the prosperity of his country depends to a certain extent upon *his own* intelligence, industry and good conduct; that if this colony is to be prosperous and happy, it must be because *you* my friend, and your children, deserve to be so; and that, on the contrary, if it is to be a feeble, failing, wretched settlement, it must be simply because *you* and those around are lazy and worthless. Think of this—act as though it was in your mind, always, and these colonies will yet grow up and prosper to be a blessing to mankind.

THE GREEK SLAVE, BY HYAM POWER.—The statue of the Greek slave, now exhibiting at Messrs. Graves and Co., in Pall Mall, holds promise of making a new era in revived art. It is by an American artist, hitherto unknown to fame, and is of such excellence as at once to stamp him as a genius of the very highest order. The figure, which is perfectly nude, is represented as standing in the slave-market, resting slightly with the right hand upon a post. The other hand, which is connected with the former by a chain, (an incident not historically true,) hangs in the front of the person. The general aspect of the figure is graceful, and life-like, with a not too servile following of the classic models. In detail, its execution is perfectly masterly, the anatomical development aiming rather at *expression* than mere form. The back and loins, in particular, are of an exquisite roundness and finish, to place them in a rank with the best works of the ancients. The head is a model of classic dignity; the expression of mingled disgust and shame being worthy of the hand of Michael Angelo. The Greek cap and the drapery, which is gathered round the post, are a marvel of execution. If we could venture to be critical about anything in the entire work, it would be with regard to the left hand, the disposition of which is, perhaps, somewhat artificial. Upon the whole, however, one need have little hesitation in declaring that we have here the finest work of sculpture that has been produced by any artist of the age. We understand that it has been executed for a Mr. Grant, of Devonshire, and therefore sincerely hope that it may remain in the country. We believe that the same artist has, amongst other works, an *Eve*, which is considered by those who have seen it even to excel the work now described. —*Polytechnic Review*.

From the Metropolitan.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT AND SCHOOL AT FULNECK.

FULNECK stands on an eminence formerly called "Lamb's Hill," about six miles from Leeds; the estate was purchased by the Moravians nearly a century ago, for the purpose of establishing a settlement similar to those belonging to their fraternity in Germany and other parts of the continent, where youth are educated far from the contaminating scenes of life, and where those who seek retirement from the follies of the world, find seclusion and repose. The principal buildings, including the schools, form an imposing range, in the centre of which is the chapel. There are separate choir-houses for the single brethren, single sisters,* widowers, and widows, &c. In the front of the whole is a broad gravelled terrace, fringed by a hedge of rose-trees, the beauty and fragrance of which is incredible. The view from this terrace is extremely romantic; for some distance the land is cultivated as flower and kitchen gardens. Beyond these gardens, and near the foot of the hill to the left, is a copse, called the "wood"—then the valley with its green fields, bounded by a stream of the purest water. The ground now rises abruptly to a great height, and is covered with majestic woods;—on the extreme summit is the seat of Colonel Plumbe, and the village of Tong; and there too is the spire of its sweet church just peeping above the trees.

We reached Fulneck in July, 18—, and proceeded to the house of the Rev. C. F. Reichel, then head-master of the schools, and Sunday afternoon lecturer at the chapel. As the ages of those who formed our party varied, we were at once separated, and placed in rooms according to our years.

The boys' school consisted of eight rooms, each containing about sixteen young gentlemen, and two single brethren, who alternately superintended the pupils when not engaged in the classes. These classes were regulated by our proficiency and the nature of the studies, *which changed every hour*. I cannot too strongly express my admiration of this excellent arrangement, since it enabled me, without weariness or languor, to pursue an extensive course of study, comprising the classics, French, mathematics, history, music, drawing, &c.

I shall not easily forget the boys' sleeping-hall, a large room which extended over the whole of the building appropriated to the school, and contained between one and two hundred beds. It was usual for us to meet there on the evening prior to Easter Sunday. A piano-forte was taken for the occasion to one end of this immense room; over it was suspended a lantern, which threw a dim light on a splendid painting of a dead Christ removed from the brethren's house. When all had assembled, we stood for a few minutes in front of the picture. Then the full-toned piano, accompanied by a French bugle, broke the silence with one of those airs which for ages have been used in the Moravian church. This ceased for a moment, and we heard the sweet melody whispering round that vast hall, the whole of which was in darkness, save the spot where we were gathered. Again we mused on the painting, and were almost startled by the breathless quiet of the place: the

music recommenced, and we sang that fine old hymn,

"Met around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears!"

This was generally followed by an anthem suited to the occasion.

The next morning found us assembled by five o'clock in the chapel, joined by an immense crowd. The service opened with a voluntary on the organ—the congregation rose—the Rev. C. F. Ramflier entered, followed by the Rev. C. F. Reichel, Rev. Mr. Ray, &c., chanting as they walked, "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!" On reaching their places the litany commenced, the responses to which were sung by the choir and congregation. On arriving at the part which refers to the church triumphant, all adjourned to the burial-ground, and there finished the service in the open air.

Those only who have witnessed it, can form any notion of its solemnity. The congregation formed a circle, in the centre of which was the officiating clergyman. The sun had just risen, and was lighting up that splendid scenery, and the mists of the night were rolling rapidly away. In the distance covering the opposite hill, were magnificent woods, swept by a clear crystal stream; over us the birds of the morning carolled their early matins, and then soared into high heaven. It was in such a scene we offered this thrilling petition to heaven's God:

"MIN.—And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren—and our sisters—who have entered into the joy of their Lord, and whose bodies are buried here; also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year; and with the whole church triumphant; and grant that we may finally rest with them in thy presence from all our labors. Amen."—CON.

"They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ their Saviour:
Our humble expectation is
To live with Him forever!"

This verse was sung by the vast assembly, led by horns, trombones, and other wind instruments, and echoed along that beautiful valley, and mingled with the hum of bees, the ripple of the waters, the wild music of the birds, and it may be, with the minstrelsy of unseen spirits.

These were high and happy days—days of jubilee. In the afternoon was a "love-feast," similar to the agapæ of the primitive church, when tea and cakes were distributed to the congregation, and an address was delivered from the text for the day;† the service being enlivened by a selection of sacred music from Handel, and others. I have since witnessed the religious ceremonies of other bodies, and, although it has been mine to minister at the altar of another communion, I must confess that I have met with nothing so solemn, yet elegantly chaste, as these services of the Brethren's Church.

Besides the great festival of Easter, the Passion-week is kept very sacred. It is usual to assemble in the morning and evening of each day, when a portion from the "Narrative" is read, and hymns bearing on the subject of our Saviour's

* Here are mentioned the names of those who departed into rest since the preceding Easter.

† Selected from "Daily Words and Doctrinal Texts," published annually for the use of the Unitas Fratrum."

* The well-known "Moravian needle-work" is by these sisters.

sufferings, sung. Christmas-eve, Christmas-day, Whit-Sunday, Palm-Sunday, and what are termed "Memorial" and "Choir" days, were always devoted to religious services. These days were ushered in with rejoicing, and anticipated with delight. We were generally awoke in the morning by sweet strains of music issuing from the choir, who perambulated the terrace at an early hour. The German airs of this ancient church were admirably suited to produce a devotional tone, a calmness and quiet of which strangers can form no idea; the romantic and beautiful scenery, the simple and innocent manners of the place, its entire seclusion from the noisy world, the taste with which these affairs were conducted, all tended to imbue the mind with sentiment and with tenderness.

On Christmas-eve, for instance, everything was in keeping; the only sound heard in the village was that of the chapel-bell, summoning us to worship. Every part of the neat yet imposing edifice, with the large chandeliers, &c., had been previously decorated by the sisters with festoons of evergreens, intermingled with ingenious and beautifully cut devices in paper, &c. The pulpit was similarly adorned. Immediately in the front of it, fringed with fir, holly, and various kinds of winter flowers, was a scroll bearing the inscription "UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN." Precisely at five o'clock, P. M., the organ pealed forth a tale of harmony—the congregation rose—the clergy entered, and the choir performed the Christmas anthem. Tea was then handed round; and children's voices were heard singing that touching melody—

"Christ the Lord—the Lord most glorious,
Now is born—Oh, shout aloud!" &c.

Sometimes the soft, sweet voices of the girls alone accompanied the fine swell of the organ; anon the boys joined the chant, and then the whole congregation followed in full chorus. After a short pause, the minister spoke for a few minutes, and the choir performed several anthems; the benediction was then pronounced, and the meeting separated.

The Moravians, in common with some other churches, hold an interesting service on the last night of every year. At Fulneck, this service was extremely solemn. The only time I remember to have been present on such an occasion, was on the evening of December 31, 18—. There was a love-feast at nine, and a second meeting at eleven, P. M. A full choir always attended: that evening the year closed while the Rev. C. F. Ramsfeller was addressing the audience. At the very instant of midnight, his voice was drowned by the organ, accompanied by trombones, horns, flutes, and other instruments. The effect was startling—the congregation rose *en masse*, and sang the usual hymn to the 146th tune:

"Now let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us—
Praise him eternally," &c.

We then received the benediction, and departed. Ah, we were happy then, and blithely and with

light hearts did we reciprocate good wishes for "a happy new year."

These solemn festivals, as well as the "memorial days," attracted great numbers of persons, and it was by no means unusual to see Brethren from a considerable distance. Bishops Foster and Moore, the late Rev. C. I. Latrobe, author of "Travels in South Africa," and secretary to the missions, James Montgomery, Esq., the poet, himself a Moravian, and educated at Fulneck,* Drs. Chalmers and Thompson, of Edinburgh, and Rev. Mr. Martyn, from Pertenhall, near Bedford, were amongst the many who visited the place. The latter, though a clergyman of the English church, officiated at the children's meeting and at the evening services. His son was a pupil in the school.

The afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays were entirely devoted to recreation; sometimes they were spent in the "Baker's field," where we played at cricket, hologne, and other games. The other fields between the woods and the opposite hill, on the brow of which stand the buildings of Fulneck, are called "the bottoms," and here, in the quiet evenings of summer and the lovely mornings of spring, we used to ramble, or amuse ourselves with angling for an odd kind of fish which are numerous here, commonly called "bull heads;" and occasionally we succeeded in catching excellent trout. When the heat was oppressive, we betook ourselves to the woods, and gathered posies of wild flowers, or constructed arbors on the banks of the stream. These arbors were large enough to accommodate three or four of us, and assumed every variety of shape. The floors were covered with dried leaves and moss; and here we assembled in little parties, according to the friendships contracted amongst us. During the Midsummer vacation, 18—, the few boys that remained erected a large arbor in "the wood" at the foot of the gardens, where we retired during the day, either to listen to some interesting book, or to a tale of chivalry and romance.

One was a young Scotch laird, who had gathered many a legend from the old Highlanders, amongst whose cottages he used to wander for the purpose of listening to their songs and traditions, wild as their own mountains, in the fastnesses of which they dwelt. J—F— certainly was an extraordinary genius. He often kept us listening for hours to his tales of second sight and other superstitions collected by him amongst this interesting people: and then his admiration of the works of Burns and of Ossian was unbounded. O, with what enthusiasm did he read and we listen to the fine yet simple songs of the Scottish bard! The "Hallow-e'en," "John Barleycorn," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night," were especial favorites. We were also greatly interested in an article on Snow Storms, in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. F— read it with much feeling, and described in splendid style the rugged scenery of those Highland passes. On such subjects John was always at home. He was the last of an ancient clan. His ancestors must have been men of great courage and daring; at any rate, the young laird recited many a stirring incident, and described many a sanguinary fray in which his clansmen had triumphed over southern marauders. And then F— was himself a poet, and of no mean order for his age. On one occasion, when, as was usual on the anniversary of

* See his "Fulneck Revisited."

the birth of the principal, the Rev. C. F. Reichel, the rest of us selected and appropriated a verse or more from the hymn-book, the young poet, spurning the idea of borrowing from another, wrote, as nearly as my memory serves me, the following couplet:

"While others send you hymns, I pray
That we may have a *holyday*!"

I forget whether the request was granted. Poor John F——, I wonder what has been his fate! Perhaps, like me, he is now recurring to the days we spent together in the romantic seclusion of dear, happy Fulneck. I have preserved a few of his compositions, which are beautiful specimens of youthful genius.

Another name which I record with interest, is that of the late John Thompson, son of the late Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh. This youth commenced music at the same time with myself, but soon left me at a remote distance. His compositions were really extraordinary. I have known the boys fling aside their books during "preparation hour" to listen while T—— practised on the piano. Indeed, who could study while his master-hand swept the chords in harmony with some scene which had occurred in our reading, or conversation, or adventure during the day. One afternoon in class, Mr. Fredlizius had given us, instead of the "English Reader," a volume of Scott's "Old Mortality." The part selected was that which describes the journey of old Mause, Cuddie, and the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle, with the battle and death scene of Claverhouse. The effect of this narrative was only equalled by the music of the evening, when our young associate worked us up to pure enthusiasm. I was not wrong when I settled it in my own mind that John Thompson was destined for eminence. He afterwards filled the professor's chair in the University of Edinburgh.

Another of my schoolfellows whose powers were early developed was W. Nelson, the son of one of the resident families. Nelson was in the same drawing class with me, conducted by Mr. Fredlizius, in the second room. Even then his talents were surprising. On one occasion, when set to copy a metzotint from Morland, Nelson did it so accurately, that every likeness was most correctly preserved; in fact, but for the superior freshness of the copy to that of the original, it would have been difficult to distinguish the one from the other. The metzotint was large, and the painting from which it was taken amongst the best of Morland's productions. Nelson is now a celebrated artist, and has published several works of great merit; one of them consists of a series of masterly sketches of Kirkstall Abbey.

To the foregoing I may add the names of the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, author of "Church Psalmody," &c., &c., domestic chaplain to the Right Honorable the Earl of Mountsford; the Rev. John James Montgomery, (nephew of the poet,) and the Rev. George Traneker, both presbyters of the Moravian church.

To me it is a pleasant thing to believe that this simple sketch may fall into the hands of some who will feel interested in these imperfectly recorded memorials of their boyish days; it would, therefore, be unnatural to omit the name of our universally-beloved tutor, the Rev. W. Edwards, in whose "room" it was my happiness to reside, and under whom it was my high privilege to study the

classics, in company with G. Traneker, C. Slater, H. Percy Chrichton, and the young count, Henry Reuss. Neither of us, I am persuaded, will easily forget the mental treat we enjoyed when reading the Orations of Cicero, and Virgil's account of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions. In Greek we read with great zest the poems of Anacreon, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and a few of the books of Homer's Iliad. Mr. Edwards rendered these studies extremely interesting by critical comments and historical details. He was a great man, and as amiable as he was great. About this time he published, in conjunction with James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, a translation of the German of Crantz's "History of Greenland," in two vols. 8vo., unquestionably the most able and elaborate work which has appeared on the subject of that northern region.

Childhood has its friends, and I had mine. One of them, F—— B——, sleeps peacefully in the Moravian burial ground at Bristol, the other was of a respectable family in Leith; but I have now lost all trace of him. I am, however, reminded of a remarkable affair with which he was associated. One of the tutors resident in the third room being far advanced in a consumption, it was deemed advisable for him wholly to occupy the room No. 5. As the symptoms became dangerous, Mr. ——— was recommended to try his native air, and left, accordingly, for Clifton. One Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, my friend Smith had occasion to pass the room No. 3, where Mr. ——— was formerly located, when he saw a figure resembling Mr. ——— standing at the door. Being startled, S—— turned away, but immediately looked again in the same direction; the figure, however, had disappeared. Another young gentleman, W—— P——, had seen a similar figure at the door of the fifth room. The report spread with rapidity, not only through both schools, but through the whole settlement. Some ridiculed the thing; others would have it that it had been got up purposely; but it was very evident that more believed than doubted the report. The Thursday's post was watched with great anxiety, but it brought no intelligence which could throw any light on the matter. On the Friday morning we went as usual to the religious instruction meeting, and on entering the prayer-hall of the Single Brethren's house were struck with the manner of the Rev. C. F. Ramfler, who, though always serious, now appeared unusually so. It was too evident that he had something important to communicate. At length he drew from his pocket a letter with an account of the death of poor Mr. ———, which had taken place the same hour this circumstance occurred at Fulneck. Strange as this may appear, it is still strictly true; and if the writer be considered superstitious for giving credit to that which was the topic of general conversation at the time, he must not be supposed to countenance the host of absurdities which are afloat touching the reëappearance of the departed. He is a believer in such things, certainly, and this belief has been forced upon him; nor does he see that it interferes in any way, either with religious or moral obligation. Indeed, who feels not, both in reference to the present as well as to the boundless and mysterious future, that while in this chrysalis stage of our being we possess merely a few outlines of truth! To fill these outlines up will be the employment of another and more perfect existence.

Good Mr. Ramfler seized the opportunity of impressing our young minds with the importance of preparation for that great change which awaits even the youngest; and with affection and fervor peculiarly his own, commended us to the benison and guardianship of the children's Friend. Peace to his ashes! He is now in possession of the reward promised to the faithful pastor.

The funeral horns* were sounding mournfully from the turret of the chapel when we left the prayer-hall, announcing to the fraternity the departure of a brother to his rest. We at once retired to our respective rooms, where the frequent tear spoke more eloquently than words, of the affection which existed between ourselves and the tutors, one of whom was now lost to us forever.

This occurrence may be said to have predisposed us for the long winter evenings of the approaching Christmas holidays. We spent them in the fourth room, where Mr. H——m was left in charge of us during the vacation. The weather was extremely severe, and there was a very deep fall of snow. In the day time we amused ourselves with skating on the Beck and Tong Pond; we also built an immense snow house, and a colossal snow figure on the gravel walk. But the days were nothing when compared with those long but glorious evenings when emphatically we sat down together to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Years have passed since then, and I have mingled with many a party, and have joined the circles of the talented and the wealthy, but never have I known anything equal to these evenings at Fulneck. We were then in life's early morning, and although mine had been clouded by the removal of a mother the tenderest and the best, yet the clouds seemed for a little to break away and the sunlight of peace rested on my spirit. This was pure enjoyment; this was temporary repose; here sorrow was forgotten for awhile; I was happy, and who could be otherwise! Around that blazing fire we became conscious of emotions and sensations to which we had hitherto been strangers.

It was not, however, until after our return from tea that we could be said to have commenced the amusements of the evening. The shutters were then closed, the fire replenished, the candles lighted, a clean pipe well filled prepared for our worthy tutor, and then he let us do just as we liked. Really he was an excellent person; he entered so kindly into our feelings, and seemed to anticipate our every wish. I fancy I see him now. He had a noble forehead, and a generous, open-hearted countenance. I believe he enjoyed the scene as much as we did; at any rate he joined us at a game of forfeits, and verily some fine fun we had. By and by, however, the forfeits had to be called, and the penalties awarded. One boy was

* It is customary at Fulneck, immediately after a decease, for a few of the brethren to assemble in the bell-tower or turret of the chapel, and there to perform a requiem for the dead, or a selection from the splendid tune book of the Moravian church. When this occurs at night, the effect, at all times solemn, is extremely touching. I once heard it during an evening ramble in the adjacent valley; the strain was soothing yet melancholy;

"And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet."

For an account of the funerals the reader may consult a volume recently published, entitled, "Poems of a Traveller," by my early friend, the Rev. John Hartley, A.M., church missionary in Greece, formerly one of the tutors at Fulneck.

sent to the burial ground at the remote end of the village, to gather a branch from the clump of fir trees which stand at the very foot of the cemetery, and mark the grave of a suicide. It was of no use to offer an objection—that would have betrayed cowardice. I was sentenced to fetch something from the box room, at the end of the corridor, next to the fifth room. It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind howled mournfully in that long, dreary passage, and the doors leading to the back of the building were creaking dismally. I trembled and faltered; but it would not do; so on I went and brought back the trophy and redeemed the pledge;

"And then the Christmas tale went round
Of goblin, ghost, and fairy,"

till we almost fancied the creaking of a door the shriek of an imprisoned spirit, and every foot-fall the tread of an apparition. And then that old sleeping hall, now lighted with only one lantern, and the dreamy gloom which hung over every part of it except the portion where our little circle reposed; was it astonishing that we jumped into bed only *half* undressed, or that our little quilts soon *entirely* covered us? John F——, however, could not rest even here; a ghost scene was got up, but all was soon quiet, and we slept in forgetfulness.

One evening Mr. H—— proposed that we should read a singularly talented book by Mrs. Radcliffe. We listened to it with breathless intensity. Talk of enjoying it! we revelled in its horrors. It was altogether so different to any work we had met with before; and then the adventures, the hair-breadth escapes of the leading characters, and their happiness at the close, it made us happy too; and yet we were very young to enter into such sensations, and to sympathize with such scenes. This is a popular notion, but an erroneous one. I believe there was as much and as perfect feeling in that youthful group as amongst an equal number of persons far older than ourselves. Our next work was the *Antiquary*, by Sir Walter Scott; this, with the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, by Hogg, were the only other books I remember as having been read these holidays.

A taste for stirring adventure having naturally been excited by these Christmas "noctes," an excursion was planned to the grave of the famous Robin Hood, the Rob Roy of the north, and an early day in the following spring was selected for the purpose. Our route laid through a fine country to the great northern road between Huddersfield and Bradford. I remember passing a magnificent avenue of firs, which line the road for some distance. The scenery reminded me of Hampshire. At length we reached Kirkstall Park, the seat of Sir George Armytage, Bart. The house as you approach it has an imposing appearance; we were, however, principally interested in tracing some vestiges of the abbey where this celebrated outlaw and "Little John" and their lawless companions temporarily sojourned, and where Robin himself died. Right or wrong, we fixed upon a certain spot as its site, and then rested for awhile in the shade of some wide-spreading trees which stand between the house and the adjoining thicket.

The notes of the cuckoo invited us to the woods; the bluebells and the primroses enamelled the pathway, and we followed its leading till we arrived at a spot where, without much effort, it was easy to imagine oneself in some forest shut out

from the dwellings of man. We had not wandered far before the sky was clouded, and suddenly a shower began to fall. Sheltered by that dense foliage, we listened to the large rain-drops as they pattered amongst the branches waving high over our heads, but we felt them not. Presently the sun burst forth again, and one of its stray yet beautiful beams rested on the grave of the outlaw! We were silent as we drew near to it; for there is something about the sepulchre, whether it be in the crowded city, or canopied by the gorgeous edifice, or in one of the vast solitudes of nature, which hushes and solemnizes the spirit, creating an undefinable emotion, something which identifies us with the fate of the departed, and whispers of the moment when our ashes will be blended with those of the sleepless multitude over whose dust we are constantly treading.

Robin Hood's grave is in the thickest of the wood, at a little distance from the footpath, and is only to be distinguished, amongst the brambles which luxuriate around it, by the iron-rails placed for its protection. These are interwoven with the clematis, the wild rose, and the ivy. The place did not appear to have been visited of late; it was therefore necessary to remove a portion of the shrubs by which it was blockaded. Within the railing were two large stones; one said to be the original which first marked the grave; it bore traces of an inscription, now illegible—this was replaced about a century ago by the present stone, which has the following inscription, copied verbatim from the ancient one:—

"Near underneath his laith stean
la; robert earl of Huntingtun
near arctir ber a; hie sa geub
an pipl hauld im robin heub
sick utlaw; a; hi an i; men
bil england nibr si agen.

Obiit 24 kal dehembris 1247."

Shortly after this we made another excursion to the kindred settlements of Mirfield and Gomersall, where we were received with hospitality and kindness. The route up Tong-lane, through the village and away to Gomersall, presents, on a fine May morning, a scene equal to anything I have met with in any part of the country; and then the simplicity and the quiet which pervade these Moravian settlements give to them a primitive aspect, and invest them with an interest which cannot be appreciated by any who have not visited them. They are green oases in the vast desert of humanity, to which the heart clings with tenacious fondness. Long years have passed since the days of which I write, but I still love to recur to the memory of these times. The only objection is *we were too happy*—we knew trouble only by recollection or by name. Even the tedium and drudgery of school exercises were done away with by the blandness and the skill of the teachers, whom we feared not as tyrants, but loved as friends. The innocence of the place, however, did anything but fit us for the roughness and uncongenialities of future life. The susceptible and warm-hearted, while cherishing sympathies productive of the most exquisite sensations, dreamed not that they were dangerous—leading to trains of thought too fine for contact with common things, and creating agony the most intense, and sorrow the most bitter. Still the taste was cultivated and the intellect improved, while the higher and the holier require-

ments of religion were so brought before us, that we longed to hear more of its sacred mysteries. If I understand it as exemplified amongst the Moravians during my residence at Fulneck, religion was genuine, unostentatious, unobtrusive principle, unalloyed by the cant of fanatics, or by the coarseness of the vulgar, and as such, could not but produce lasting impressions on minds just beginning to expand and to put forth their powers. The very beauties of nature, when pondering in those sylvan solitudes, summoned up the spirit of early and pure feeling—the beautiful and congenial services of the temple led that feeling up "to nature's God." Peaceful, happy days! surely I am not the only one oppressed with a consciousness of the little improvement I made of them; nor can mine be the only spirit which would gladly shake off the defilement it has since contracted in the great world.

"Oh mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"

From the Art-Union.

PARQUETAGE.

WAINSCOT AND PARQUET FLOORING.

WE this month present a LITHOGRAPH containing twelve different patterns of PARQUETAGE, or inlaid wood flooring, constituting *the first set of a series* of designs in plain and colored woods, to appear in this and succeeding numbers of the *Art-Union*.*

The print exhibits the manufacture only in its simplest and plainest forms: the prints intended to follow will be colored in imitation of the various woods employed, and will consist of the richest and most complicated designs. The introducer into England of the inventions which facilitate the production of these designs in parquetage, is Mr. Steinitz, whose establishment is at No. 10, Berners-street, Commercial-road East, where we have been favored with permission to inspect the means employed in the preparation of numerous beautiful specimens of parquet existing at the manufactory; after having examined the examples laid down by him in the galleries of rooms at Lloyd's.

Wood flooring laid down in patterns—called *parquet* by our French neighbors—the term we adopt—is, of course, of ancient use; and had we not improvements to announce, uniting, as we have convinced ourselves, solidity and embellishment with cheapness, no useful end could be answered in thus calling attention to the subject.

It is well known that oak floorings laid down in patterns, from the simplest to the most complex, are in common use in France, and were so anciently in our own country—beautiful remnants of which exist in many of the mansions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These floorings of the present day in France are often very costly, and constitute not unfrequently the richest

* Of the designs in the plate which accompanies these remarks—No. 1 is a parallel plain wainscot, tongued and grooved, laid down without any nails being visible.—2. The same, oblique.—3. The same, zigzag.—4. Gate pattern.—5. Zigzag pattern, in two kinds of oak.—6. Gate pattern, oblique.—7. Star pattern.—8. Chessboard pattern, plated in different directions of the grain of the wood.—9. Diamond pattern, dark and light oak.—10. Triangle pattern, dark and light oak.—11. Diamond gate, plated or solid.—12. Citadel pattern, in oak and teak.

feature of the salons in which they appear, being waxed and polished with as much care as is bestowed upon the most valuable articles of furniture among ourselves. The indispensability of carpets to our ideas of comfort, contents us with a flooring of Baltic timber which is not seen; but there are yet circumstances under which flooring cannot be thus covered; and we submit that a floor of ornamental design, laid down at a price little exceeding that of the most ordinary materials fitted in the commonest style, must be more desirable than inch-and-a-half or two-inch deal, that will harmonize in nowise with any class of ornament. The wood-floorings in France have, of late years, become much richer in design than formerly, from the introduction of variously colored exotic woods. In the palaces of Italy, luxury in this respect reached its climax centuries ago in the adaptation of those marble floorings which can never be excelled. If our climate were much more propitious than it is, it would be dangerous to adopt anything heavier than wood to our ordinary contract brick dwellings, which form, perhaps, the extremity of an architectural sliding scale whereof the Tuscan palaces supply the other, whence we may select as an example the Pitti Palace—literally a pile of rocks paved throughout with blocks of polished marble.

We cannot contemplate such a change as the dismissal of carpets in our ordinary dwellings, and the substitution generally of inlaid flooring for apartments of habitual use; but we have to observe that in this country, more than any other in the world, there are rooms devoted to public business, being the property of the public, which cannot be carpeted, and to which an inlaid flooring would constitute a finishing ornament. Besides these, are countless public institutions, on the improvement and embellishment of which money has been unsparingly lavished, and of which the miserable deal flooring sorts very ill with the ornament of the rest. For libraries and ball-rooms in the mansions of the wealthy, nothing could be more suitable, inasmuch as it could be laid down in any taste of any color. A small portion has, as we have intimated, been laid down on one of the staircases of the Royal Exchange. This is entirely of oak, and a simple design; but the effect is much superior to that of merely plain oak, and incomparably richer than any other wood flooring that could be laid down, with a view to actual durability. To the grain of deal, dust more readily attaches itself than to that of any other wood; oak, we know, especially rejects it; hence, even a plain oak floor, covered with carpeting, as harboring less dust than deal, conduces not only to preservation of furniture, but, what is of more importance, to that of the health of persons of delicate constitutions; and such plain oak flooring may be adapted at little more cost than that of deal.

This parquetage has been already laid down to some extent; but, not being yet sufficiently known, it has not been employed in proportion to its value. Many architects have caused to be laid down plain wainscot, or a simple ornamental flooring, with a rich border in colored woods; and others have covered the centre with armorial bearings, surrounded by a pattern border, the carpet covering only the centre of the room, and being removed upon occasions. The introducer has laid down one floor with the flags of all nations, the

effect of which is highly imposing. This requires some explanation with regard to the limited range of colors in wood, and the variety necessary to execute works of this nature. The natural wood supplies every color except blue and green;—these are obtained by staining the wood, which is made to receive the color so perfectly through its entire substance that it may be planed without any change of tone. A primary object of the introducer has been to secure the wood against warping or shrinking; this is effected by a chemical process of seasoning that renders the wood as fit for use as if it had been kept for a number of years for the attainment of the same object. The woods usually employed, in addition to oak, are mahogany, cedar, coralwood, satinwood, rosewood, maple, ebony, limetree, and purplewood. The ordinary method on the continent of laying down a parquet is by drawing the pattern on the floor prepared to receive it, and then proceeding to lay it down piece by piece until the whole is completed. On the contrary, at this establishment the thin plates of wood are fitted on stout oak compartment frames, in squares, diagonals, or in any other form according to design, and, thus framed, are laid down with certainty and solidity, with a surface as even as that of a mahogany table, and with the joinings perfectly close and firm. These oak frames are one inch and one eighth in thickness, and the plates of the valuable exotic woods are of the thickness of a quarter to three eighths of an inch. It is not our purpose here to enter into a technical description of the processes of seasoning, cutting, &c., &c., through which the wood passes before it is ready to lay down; but it is necessary to advert to the methods of preparation, inasmuch as to convey some idea of the means employed at this establishment, whereby the price of this kind of flooring is fixed in their prospectus at a rate so low. In order to make this intelligible, it is only necessary to say that, whereas in France and elsewhere the plates of wood are prepared by hand, here the tardy office of the hand is rapidly performed by a numerous set of circular saws, and finished by being planed by a lathe.

The object of the introducer is, of course, to make his useful and very beautiful manufacture more extensively known, by so submitting, to those who are interested in such matters, the various EXAMPLES, as to make the design and purpose more clearly understood than any merely written description could do.

There can be no doubt that the plan will be ere long in very extensive use. Mr. Steinitz has already introduced it into Windsor Castle, where there are two rooms thus adorned; arrangements are in progress for its introduction into some important public buildings, and into the mansions of several of our nobility.

After the publication of the SERIES, of which we here give the commencement, a main object of the introducer will be attained—inasmuch as the system cannot fail to be extensively known throughout England; inquiries will thus be made; information will be consequently obtained; and the beautiful process cannot, we think, fail to be very generally adopted—not alone in the palaces of the great, but in the dwellings of persons of comparatively limited means, who study the true refinements which are the best luxuries of life.

From Tait's Magazine.

Insect Life. By DAVID BADHAM, M.D., late Radcliffe Travelling Fellow of the University of Oxford, &c., &c. Small octavo, pp. 171. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

LET us hope that the straight-forward and unpretending character of this little volume may not tend to make its real merits overlooked—for they are great. For one thing, it is as entertaining as a fairy tale. The habits, tricks, and, shall we say, passions or weaknesses of his pismires, bees, and beetles are, from the lively style of the writer, rendered quite as diverting as the history of the inhabitants of Lilliput. This is a merit, independently of the scientific knowledge displayed in the treatise, and one which enhances its other claims. The volume furnishes abundance of tempting extracts; we must be content with one or two on some of the habits of insects.

"The Pinnaphylax is a small crab, naked like Bernard the Hermit, but is furnished with good eyes, and lives in the same shell with the Pinna. When they want food, the Pinna opens its shell and sends its faithful ally to forage; but if the cancer sees the polypus, he returns immediately to the arms of his blind hostess, who by closing the shell avoids the fury of the enemy. When, on the other hand, the forager has procured a booty, he brings it to the opening of the shell, when it is admitted, and they divide the prey.

"In an Italian forest I once came upon a piece of foot-path, covered for several feet with swarms of ants, evidently occupied in something in which they had a common interest, and it turned out to be war. A detachment of the '*Formica ruficollis*,' which wore a dark uniform with a red collar, was coming forth from the grass in which their encampment lay; they made for a large chestnut-tree, upon which a considerable number of black ants, (*Formica pubescens*.) insects of three times their stature, were posted, and taking measures to receive them. There appeared to be so much ferocity, and so much purpose, in the manœuvres on both sides, that it was impossible not to be interested while looking on. Having stopped some time to observe them, I saw several of the besieged party, as soon as any one of them took a prisoner, carrying him up in his mouth to a Tarpeian height, and then let him drop on the plain below. The red-necked ants, on the other hand, in immense force completely surrounded the enemy's position, and stood ready with their jaws open to seize any straggler from above, who was sure to meet with no quarter when the fortune of war had placed him in their power. Many of the episodes in this heroic poem were curious enough; and among the most so were those produced by my interfering, and amusing myself by backing the reluctant, and placing obstacles in the way of the enterprising. * * * *

"I once observed a settlement of small black ants (*Formica picea*) occupied in carrying supplies along the most frequented path of a garden. As, in looking out of a window at the proceedings of a mob, one cannot fail to notice any individuals who distinguish themselves, I had occasion, being favorably placed, to notice the proceedings of two ants in particular, charged, jointly, with a load too large for their strength. This industrious couple, in meeting others who (as is their well-known habit) would have been proud to join them, went out of their way to avoid receiving assistance,

which, to all appearance, would have been very seasonable—foolish ants! But they soon recovered their character for sagacity. Arrived near the entrance of their warehouse, they deposited the object which had cost them so much labor, and went forward to reconnoitre the dimensions of the hole which was to receive it. After looking down for some time, and seeing that it would do, they fetched the burden to the edge of the pit, went down, and dragged it after them—sagacious ants! They must have agreed to assure themselves of the size in the first instance.

"One day, later in the season, a body of the same ants was gathered together under a parsley plant four feet high, of which the slender stalk was heavily charged with seed; the seed was falling fast, and, as it fell, they rolled it off to a place of security, with most obvious regularity and every appearance of attention. But the operation was much more curious than it at first appeared;—the seeds did not fall spontaneously; they were gathered by a party stationed on the branches of the plant, who stripped it as men gather apples. One ant was working away for nearly half a minute before his mandibles had succeeded in getting an individual seed sufficiently loosened to drop it to his colleagues below; at least twenty others were similarly occupied; and, as the seeds fell, away they went. One seed alone, in a particular instance, remaining attached to its stalk, the ant that took it off, as if perceiving that there was no more labor to transact on the spot, in place of throwing it down to his companions as before, kept possession of it, and made his way with it to the ground. * * * *

"A friend, on whose perfect accuracy I can rely, gives his experience of the sagacity of ants in the following interesting recital:—In a villa near Geneva his bedroom was overrun with ants. After looking about to find from whence they came, he one day discovered that a rod of iron, which was in immediate communication with the garden under his window, was the means by which they gained access to his dormitory. From this, therefore, he repeatedly shook them for some days, killing a great many, until at last not one was any longer to be seen on the iron rod as heretofore; still they infested the premises. One night, happening to go to the balcony to look at the moon, which was at its full, and shining very brightly, he was struck by a sparkling appearance on the iron rod, and on examining it he found it covered by myriads of ants. Alarmed at the death of so many of their tribe, and warned by those who had escaped, they must, he thinks, have taken counsel together, and knowing the hour at which he was not likely to be in the way to molest them, have agreed to change their early habits, and burglariously to enter the premises after dark.

"It will be said that none of these acts can be attributed to instinct, for this power executes uniformly and blindly the same perpetual task; whereas here the conduct of the individual is adapted to circumstances. If so, he acts with understanding; for it is the characteristic of that faculty that it deals with what is contingent, and regulates the selection of means according to emergencies. Some persons speak of insect-intelligence in a way which leads me to suspect that they mean something more by the word than the understanding, as insects manifest it; they cling to it as a formula for charming away certain diffi-

culties which beset the question. But if insects are intelligent, they must possess that intelligence which the higher animals also possess; for there is but one understanding as there is but one sensibility, and the operations of the one, like that of the senses which minister to the other, are defined and limited by the same rules in all cases. The data may be different; the vividness of the faculty may be unequal; but its starting-point, its ways and means, and the results, will be the same in every class which partakes of it. Now, when the dog occasionally startles us by his conduct, which seems to bear the stamp of reason, why do we resist the conclusion which circumstances seem to force upon us? Is it because we do not think a few instances sufficient?"

In brief, Dr. Badham is skeptical about what is termed insect-intelligence; and, relating several wondrous stories of the apparent understanding of flies, ants, &c., he yet shows that, when investigated, they are, after all, not so very wonderful.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SISTER ANGELS.

BEAUTIFUL thought! as we wander on
Through dark and stony fields of strife,
A guardian angel travels too,
Sowing his Eden-seed on life.

And, sweet to think, that angel sees
In cloudless light our Father's face;*
Breathing sometimes in mortal eyes
A faint reflection of the grace.

From Heaven two humbler friends are sent,
With staff and lamp our path to guide;
Faith's ling'ring, hopeful eye, may trace
BLESSING and TRIAL side by side.

Idly the musing scholar marks
The sunless figures on a dial;
In vain Truth's text we strive to read,
Save on the shaded face of Trial.

Blessing and Trial ever travel
Time's road of pleasure and alarm;
Blessing on Trial a lustre throwing,
While Trial on Blessing sheds a charm.

Sometimes Blessing, sometimes Trial,
About the pilgrim's step is seen;
One leaves a summer glow to cover
Her sister with its golden sheen.

When the twilight shutter whispers
That Trial the threshold-stone hath crost,
The mild-eyed angel, Blessing, sprinkles
Her precious spikenard on the lost:

Some sweet and holy comfort rises,
The mourners' room a perfume fills;
And the dear face, by faith transfigured,
Illumines all our tearful ills.

The faint eye droops before thy glory,
Oh, dazzling mystery of Love!—
That we from thorns should pluck our roses,
From flood and tempest hail our dove!

They who to lonely seas go down,
Where merchant-galleys groan and reel,
And the fierce billow, thund'ring past,
Hisses against the smoking keel:—

Rare visions oft they gaze on; tinging
The surge that drives th' wand'rer home,

* St. Matthew, xviii. 10.

A purple light the water colors,
Painting a rainbow in the foam.*

So when, from Fortune's low'ring hills,
With fire and cloud the blast descends,
And Hope's vexed ship from wave to wave,
Like some tost pine-tree shrieks and bends,

Blessing's white footstep trembles o'er
The swelling storm of fear and night,
And in the foaming track of Trial
Kindles a rainbow of delight.

Nor sea alone, but sounding forest,
Vapory hill-top, flow'ring glade,
Their blessing find in summer sun,
Their trial-hour in winter shade.

And, look, those shades are only curtains,
Let down by Nature fold on fold,
To light with clearer beam the pageant
Crowding her wondrous stage of gold.

Blame not the poet, then, if gazing
On stream and wood, in joy or gloom,
He learns from grass or flower the lesson,
That sun and rain wake richest bloom.

Full well he knows the veil of Trial
O'er life's dark theatre is drawn,
That Blessing's sunny wings behind,
May flush the darkness into dawn.

For Blessing's smile is sweetest when
Her sister's wintry shade she breaks;
And even Trial to hearts grows dear,
When Blessing dries her streaming cheeks.

Though green the spot where Blessing pitches
Her radiant tent by fount or wood,
With brightest zone she comes to meet us,
In wither'd bower where Trial stood.

March 15, 1845. R. A. WILLMOTT.

Note.—Mr. Le Bas, the late Principal of the East India College, has a beautiful passage on angels in one of his Discourses:—"Our holy faith tells us that heaven is peopled with the friends and guardians of man; that heaven is agitated, if I may so speak, by perpetual sympathy with what is passing here below. The blessed ministers of God are, doubtless, dwelling in secure and unutterable bliss. But the very life of their joy consists in this, that they behold the face of our Father which is in heaven; and from them the glorious splendor of his countenance is reflected back. So that we may conceive the realms of light to be filled with resemblances, faint and imperfect though they be, of the supreme and consummate Goodness. And hence it is that these children of light, these images of the Divine love, are incessantly bending forward from their abodes of glory, and turning with watchful looks towards us, who, by our natural birth, are the heirs of sorrow and corruption."

A COLLECTION of eighty-four life-size portraits of North American Indians, the representatives of eighteen different tribes, is exhibited at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent street. These pictures are all taken from the life, by Mr. Inman, an American painter; and they are the originals from which the prints were copied for a large work just completed of portraits and biographies of Indian chiefs. The variety of physiognomies and costumes, and the characteristic traits of a race of savages fast becoming extinct, render this exhibition curious and interesting. The influence of European blood in improving the race is strikingly apparent in the countenances of the half-breeds; whose open, elevated, and intelligent looks, contrast with the contracted, prone, and heavy aspect of the natives of Indian parentage.—*Spectator*.

* Of this phenomenon a description may be found in any popular book on science.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

My first meeting with Campbell was accidental. It was at one of the Polish balls at Guildhall, given annually in the decline of the year, when the Irish tail have emigrated to Boulogne—when English members of parliament have paid their bills, and city silk mercers are plethoric with the extortions of the season; and I had gone more in compliance with the wish of a literary friend, who had rendered himself not a little distinguished by his advocacy of the cause, than from any ardent wish to be present at what I was half inclined to think an absurd mummery of unsentimental burghers on the one side and expatriated rascals on the other. My enthusiasm for the Poles had been always strong, though a little softened down by the specimens one sees of them in London; and I detested their imperial tyrant, but still I had little sympathy for those annual gatherings of shopkeeping fashionables and mountebank patrons of a brave nation—for the benevolence and biscuits, the humanity and coffee-swilling exquisitely blended, which Lord Dudley Stuart believes to be the perfection of philanthropy. In the course of much multifarious scribble, I had written a very youthful diatribe against Nicholas, which had given pleasure to some of the friends of Poland, and as the committee seem to be in the condition of drowning men, who catch eagerly at straws, so the veriest nonsense gives them much contentment, provided it contains a thrust at the northern bear, and a puff about their immortal demigod, Kosciusko. So many compliments had been paid to me on the excellence of my composition, that I thought myself in courtesy bound to go, and go I did, though not without many an innate shudder at the approaching meeting with the tallow chandlers and pork sellers, and the greasy-fisted Clarindas of the city.

I had not been many minutes in the room, when there suddenly came up to the spot in which I and my friend stood, a small thin man, with a remarkably cunning and withered face, eyes cold and glassy, like those of a dead haddock, a brown wig neatly fitted on, a blue coat, not of the newest, with brass or gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat. He had no gloves, and his hands were coarse and wrinkled. His eyebrows were thick and slightly grey, and though the lines of the face denoted an inner man of much sagacity and shrewdness, their outward expression was the most vacant and unmeaning in the world; and it was painful to look and think how heartbroken must be the spirit that animated so cold and cynical a countenance. The wan light of the features was to the purple fire of youth and heartiness what the dull and misty exhalations of the fens are to the enchanting lustre of the stars. There was something remarkably mean and vulgar in his face; the lips were thin and the reverse of juicy or joyous; but the brow was good, though not high, or indicative of great mental power; and he came into the room with more of a smirk than became a person of his years, and with an evident contempt for the company which he was about to join. He singled out my friend immediately, apparently glad to find a gentleman present, approached and accosted him; and when the first greetings were over, the former electrified me by introducing me as "a distin-

guished friend of Poland," to Mr. Thomas Campbell.

I was quite unprepared for this. I had never seen Campbell before, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, on which I had often gazed with delight, had given me the idea of a noble and eminently handsome looking man—one of the gallant cavalier minstrels of old, who were equally beloved by the muses and the ladies; and wonderful indeed was the contrast between this *imaginary* portrait and the miserable dwarf who stood beside me, and in whose brow I recognized the stiffness of some humble Scotch dominie, rather than the fine courtesy of a great English poet who had moved in the highest circles, and in the highest had been a luminary. I was so astonished, indeed, that I could scarcely mumble out an ordinary expression of satisfaction at the introduction, and we three stood for almost a minute in as awkward a posture as possible.

We first talked about the company. Campbell looked about, and gave that cynical smile which I have so often seen playing over his countenance. "Patrons of Polish bravery and gallantry," said he, with a curl of the lip. "They come here from their counters and shopboards to gratify their own vanity, and not to assist the brave men of Warsaw. In an hour you will overhear in every circle where two or three young and old women are met—'Did you see the lord?' 'I danced with Lord Stuart.' 'Look at that impudent thing, Miss Jones, how she is staring at cousin Mary waltzing with the lord.' In a word, all their talk will be about a lord, and in particular the lord who gets up this ball. If there were not a live lord at the bottom of this gathering, the gathering would never grow to its present size. Englishmen love two things more than any people in the world—a lord and a bully; and they will truckle to both in proportion as they are lorded over and bullied." He then said to me, "Have you ever been here before?" I said "No," and added that my opinions of the company were nearly in accordance with his own. "The hall is a fine one," he replied. "We shall have a concert to-night—plenty of *Italian* singing." This was said with an inimitable sneer. I asked him whether he did not like Italian music. "Just as much," he replied, "as I like Italian poetry—a sweetmeat thing of sugar and trash, pleasant to taste, but no one ever enjoyed a meal of it." I ventured to name Dante Alighieri. "*He was a man*," said Campbell; "but you will be surprised to hear that I never read a line of the *Divina Commedia*. I am too indolent. It is a schoolboy task, and I would as soon think of sitting down to Nonnus or Aristotle, as to Dante. To understand the latter, would require more labor than the pleasure would be worth. His grand thoughts may be golden apples of song, but they must be got by vanquishing a dragon. I have often flitted about Dante, and stolen a glimpse of his treasures, but nothing more. I like the man's life, and I think his poetry a picture of a stern, hard-headed minstrel's thickcoming fancies. Some of the finest lines Lord Byron ever wrote, are contained in the prophecy of Dante.

"'Tis the doom

Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life; to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone:
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,

And pilgrims come from climes wherc they have known

The name of him, who now is but a name ;
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his, by him unheard, unheeded fame.'

"Byron wrote these with a bottle of gin under his vest." I asked him whether he had not ever looked into the translation of Dante, by the Rev. Mr. Cary. He answered with scorn—"Cary was a good-for-nothing beef-devouring parson, who could not appreciate Dante. I would rather break stones than read his horrible halting verses. For a man who cares for poetry, Dante is worth learning Italian for—better worth the toil of acquiring a new language, than that most lugubrious and dull jester, Cervantes, to read whom in the original, poor old Lord Camden devoted his dotage. I have not read a book these twenty years, nor had the heart to read it." I asked him, did he not think there was a resemblance between Byron and Dante, and might not that account for the superior spirit of the former's song, whenever the illustrious minstrel of Florence was mentioned? He answered, "there was a slight resemblance—a very, very slight resemblance. Dante was in heart and soul a gentleman; Byron was in heart and soul a blackguard, immensely vain, vulgar, bullying, ignorant, and mendacious. Even in the affair of their wives, see how differently the two men behaved. Dante had the misfortune to be wedded to one of the vilest shrews in Italy. She led him a dog's life—a life of the most odious domestic tyranny; she was a firebrand, a fury, a breathing Alecko. Yet Dante never once alludes to the matter, and his works are as silent about her as if she had never existed." "Nay," cried I, "don't you remember the line in the *Inferno*, canto xvi., in which one of the damned souls, Jacopo Rusticci, says—

'La fiera moglie, piu ch' altro, mi mioce.

More than aught else my furious wife annoys me.'

This has been generally supposed to allude to Dante's own wife." "I never," replied Campbell, "heard the remark made, and I never heard of the line before, and I believe Dante to have been too fine a gentleman to allude to it. He would never have done so mean a thing, nor would he have descended still lower, and written a satire upon a chambermaid—the unfortunate Mrs. Charlment. Byron, who did this, reviled his wife in a hundred different ways—in squibs, in the papers, epigrams here and there, and finally in the *Donna Inez* of *Don Juan*. All his songs about his domestic sorrows were mere humbug; he wanted to impose on the public and get them on his side: had he done so, he would have shown the demon within him. If ever a man was inspired by diabolism, it was Lord Byron. Madame de Staël said of him, '*C'est un démon*,' and she knew him well. Everything, they say, has two handles; Lord Byron always laid hold of the worst. I will tell you a story illustrative of this. Once at Lord Holland's, where Mackintosh, Horner, Lord Gower, and many others were present, I happened to stand for some time in one of the saloons with Lord Byron. He had got a letter from Madame de Staël a few days before, in which the baroness had been fantastically complimentary on a note to the *Bride of Abydos*, highly laudatory to herself, and returned his lordship's praises with interest. Lord Byron brought this note in his pocket, and

had the miserable bad taste to show it about to the company, and to extol Corinne above all Greek and Roman fame. I was rather disgusted, and as I was sure his lordship had never read a line of the novel, I gave him a character of it, by no means eulogistic, but true. Lord Byron seemed to think it envy or pique, or I know not what, for he said—'Mr. Campbell, you would not say so if you had got a note of this kind,' holding it up. 'Don't you think flattery a delightful incense?' Soon after, Lord Holland brought into the room a censer filled with some composition of the same kind as that used in the Roman Catholic service, and seeing us, he said, 'here, I have brought you some incense.' 'Carry it to Lord Byron,' said I; 'he is used to it.' He was dreadfully annoyed. He assumed one of his terrible scowls, and did not resume his good temper for the rest of the night; nor did he speak to me for a long while after. Dante had none of this small, paltry moodiness; yet there was, as you say, a kind of resemblance. Dante was in love with Beatrice, the object of a hopeless passion; Byron loved, or pretended to love (for in truth he loved nothing but himself) Miss Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters, who died—as a poet's mistress should die (this was said with a bitter sneer)—in a mad-house. Both were unfortunate in marriage; both were kicked out of their native places, politics having had as much to do with the expulsion of Dante, as libels on the Prince Regent, and their subsequent reaction through the press, had to do with the exile of Lord Byron; both were fond of military glory, but Dante fought in the field, hand to hand and foot to foot, giving and getting many a hard knock; Byron, like a carpet warrior, hid himself in a barrack at Missolonghi, and never fired a shot or brandished a sword in anger in his life. Both were men of unrestrained passions, and banished to hell or purgatory such individuals as annoyed them; the first committing his persecutors to the eternal flames of hell; the last manacled down poor Doctor Southey, in his notorious and abominable *Vision of Judgment*."

All this was delivered slowly and gravely, without the least animation or life. All the words were perfectly studied, and every sentiment seemed well weighed before delivery. The information conveyed was slight, but it nevertheless aroused curiosity, and attracted attention to hear Campbell speak thus of his great cotemporary. I subsequently found that this was not his habit—that it was only on rare occasions and to very few he spoke in this way, and that it was not until certain magical causes intervened that his tongue let out any of the treasures of his brain. He was, perhaps, the most icy-hearted man that ever lived, wrapping himself up in selfishness as in a robe which he rarely laid aside, thoroughly indifferent to the opinion of this person or to the comfort of that, or to any earthly thing but his own beloved ease. So early as 1806, only four years after his first arrival in London, a pension of £184 a-year, payable out of the Scotch excise, was conferred upon him at the instance, it is said, of Fox, who did not, however, live to carry his wishes into effect. His successors, who wanted to enrol a rhymer in their pay, fulfilled the secretary's intentions, and for thirty-eight years the poet drew his annuity with a precision worthy of a retired statesman. To one of Campbell's few wants, this was a perfect competence, and it rendered him always independent of booksellers. He dined at home

perhaps less than any man in London, for to the last his company was courted by the highest and noblest in the land. He was like a grand temple old and ruined, but some breathings of the divinity still lingered round it, and rendered it sacred in men's eyes.

During the whole of our conversation I took the most accurate notice of the poet. My first impressions were all strengthened on further examinations. I do not think that he possessed much original genius, but he had been a hard worker, and he polished to the utmost perfection the scanty droppings of golden ore which brightened the stream of his intellect. Years before his death it had been completely exhausted, and he was but the "shade of a hero who had been." He spoke mechanically, more because he was expected to say something, than from any apparent pleasure in delivering his opinion. He sometimes indulged in a grim smile, but a hearty burst of laughter, I am persuaded, never crossed his countenance. It was not made indeed for a laughing animal, for the extreme thinness of the lips rendered it unpleasing to look at. It was for this reason that Sir Francis Chantrey, whom money could almost induce to do anything, absolutely refused to portray Campbell's face in marble. In vain did Lord Holland and various other lords and ladies importune the sculptor—in vain were the most tempting offers made to him. Chantrey obstinately refused to model the poet, and posterity will be ignorant forever of the real appearance of Campbell, except from MacIse's picture and this typographical sketch. MacIse has, however, scarcely done justice to the consummate meanness and cunning of the features. In *Fraser's Magazine* there is an etching of Campbell—a good resemblance, but too noble in the formation of the head. The bard is represented in the last stage of ebriety. "That infernal vagabond, Chantrey," said Campbell, "would have parted with his own soul for money, but he would not carve my bust. *He thought the latter more precious than the first.*"

The inundation of company separated us for some time, and when we again met it was in a private room to which my friend had the privilege of *entré*, and where champagne was flowing about in delightful abundance. Campbell stood in a corner with a flask, not of champagne, but of potent brandy by his side, and of this he had evidently made many deep potations. I never saw a man who appeared to enjoy his drink with more intense satisfaction than Campbell; he drained glass after glass slowly and solemnly as if he loved to prolong the pleasure of swallowing it, and reminded me of that famous epicure who wished his throat were as long as a crane's for the purpose of greater gratification at his meals. Yet did not the spirit of brandy infuse any lustre into the careworn countenance before me. It had a contrary effect, making it more stupid than before—giving to the eye the wandering, imbecile expression so painful to contemplate. I stood by him for some time before he appeared to recollect me. At length he said:—

"I like your enthusiasm about Dante." (I don't remember that I had expressed any.) "What do you think of Petrarch?" I said, I had not read many of the sonnets, but was rather disappointed with those which I *had* read; they were mere boudoir trifles. "You are right," he replied, "quite right; Petrarch was a detestable donkey, and though I have edited his memoirs I say it.

The fellow must have been mad, or a fool, or a liar. The latter is the most probable. There really *was* no such person as Laura. She is throughout a type of the *laurel* for which he panted, and all the romance about his hopeless passion is rank falsehood from the beginning to the end. It is more charitable to him to suppose him a liar than the puling ass we must believe him to be, if we credit the story of his love for this fat woman with a large family for such a number of years. I don't mean to cast any reflection on Petrarch for this device. Our own Cowley, who was a perfectly virtuous man, adopted a similar deceit, and pretended to all the world that he was dying for love. Nor did he confine his particulars on the subject to lie-creating poetry, but he put them forth in plain matter of fact prose. I have never read the love poems of either, without repeating from Homer:—

Βασκ ἰθὺ οὐκ Ὀνείρε.

"A dream—a cold and sickly dream of passionate feelings and hopes. The late Duchess of Devonshire was an ardent admirer of Petrarch. I once saw the copy of that poet which belonged to her grace, and oddly enough, some reference in it made a note to my essay on English poetry. I shall show it to you some time or other." Soon after Campbell showed me the note in question, and said that the references to Spenser and Surrey were in the hand-writing of the duchess. The note was as follows:—

"In one of Spenser's hymns on love and beauty he breathes this platonic doctrine:—

"Every spirit as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
To it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

"So also Surrey to his fair Geraldine:—

"The golden gift that nature did thee give,
To fasten friends and feed them at thy will,
With form and favor taught me to believe
How thou art made to show her greatest skill."

"This last thought was probably suggested by the lines in Petrarch, which express a doctrine of the Platonic school, respecting the idea or origin of beauty:—

"In qual parte del ciel', in quale idea
Era l' esempio onde natura tolse,
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in che ella volse
Mostrar quaggiù, quantò lassù potea."

I repeated to him Lord Byron's opinion of Petrarch. "I detest the Petrarch so much that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could." I did this designedly, as I really wished to hear as much of Campbell and Lord Byron as I possibly could. He swelled up. "What *could* the ruffian," said he, "know of Petrarch? When he wrote that opinion he scarcely knew Italian from high Dutch. Afterwards, to be sure, when he picked up his Italian paramour, he learned to lisp the language, but Lord Byron never *knew* anything. He was right in this opinion—right by accident, as many an ignorant man is. I once called at his house in Bennet-street. He was lying in bed at three

o'clock in the afternoon, spelling over Virgil. He turned to me every minute, asking me the meaning of the plainest words. At first I thought it was affectation and ventured to tell him so. He assured me it was not so, that his ignorance was real, not simulated—"only for my boy Hobby (this was the name he always called Hobhouse) I should get into a thousand scrapes. He tells me everything classical. Langhorne's Plutarch and Baker's Livy do the rest. Had you been a lord, Mr. Campbell, at ten years of age, you would have been just as great a dunce."

Campbell's broad Scotch accent surprised me a good deal. I had thought that the society in which he moved would have smoothed away the Caledonian roughness from his tongue, but it was not so. He spoke like a man freshly imported from the savage wilds of the highlands. He was born in Glasgow, July 27th, 1777, and was the tenth child of his father, who was sixty-seven years old at the time, and died at the age of ninety. His mother also was a Campbell. Whoever looked in the poet's face would have known him at the first glance to be a Scotchman, but he looked more like a pedlar or an exciseman than a worshipper of the Nine. I asked him how old he was when he published the *Pleasures of Hope*. "In my twenty-second year," said he.

I took the liberty of asking him whether there were any truth in a story which Allan Cunningham had published respecting him. On his election to the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, he proceeded to his native town to be installed. It was a deep snow when he reached the College-green; the students were drawn up in parties pelted one another; the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence. Campbell's lips quivered with rage. "Cunningham," said he, "was the most infernal liar that ever left Scotland."

I asked him whether he had seen much of Sheridan. "Yes," said he, "and drank much with him. It was glorious. His intoxication was like the madness of the Sibyl, something wonderful and grand and splendid. He was the only man I ever saw who was truly great in his cups. Byron was the most wishy-washy, disgusting creature in the world when he had swallowed a couple of bottles of claret: but Sheridan—oh, he was superb! The School for Scandal is but a faint reflection of what he spoke. In fact, Sheridan spoke a comedy every night. His sarcasms were awful. I have seen the rich whig lords tremble before this magnificent animal like an infant in the presence of a giant. Sheridan knew his power over them, and never, unless highly provoked, abused it. Poor Lord Holland shrank to a mere pigmy in his presence. I once dined with Sheridan, Madame de Staël, and Curran. The first of the three was indubitably the *first* in everything. He did not perhaps speak as much poetry as Curran, but in every other quality of conversation and mind he out-topped him. Curran was a jester like Foote and Quin—his gestures were highly arch and dramatic, and his humor owed not a little of its success to his queer monkey face which was capable of the strangest transformations, and was never at rest. It shifted perpetually like the scenes in a pantomime. He was as great a jester as Scarron, and indulged much in quaint fantastic humor; like the clown in the

show, he cared not *how* he made you laugh. But Sheridan was *always* a gentleman and finished courtier, and never forgot the elegant refinement which he had learned at the prince's parties. I once got a letter from Madame de Staël, telling me she was very ill, and confined to bed, and begging me to call to her and talk to her. I went, wrapped up in one of my old plain coats, expecting a philosophic *tête à tête* with the author of *Corinne*. When I went up stairs, I was shown into a drawing-room magnificently lighted up, and beheld the Staël resplendently dressed, lounging on a crimson sofa. Two or three people of fashion were present. I started back with horror and affright, (like the man in the *Æneid* who had trodden on a serpent,) conscious of my old coat and uncurled wig, but the baroness beckoned to me, seated me by herself, and made me the lion of the party. I was never so confused in my life. In about an hour, who should walk into the room, fully attired in a magnificent court suit, breeches, buckles, sword and cocked hat, &c., &c., but Sheridan, who afterwards told me that he had got a note precisely similar to mine. I was thunder-struck, and the Staël was nearly as surprised at the apparition as I was sixty minutes before to find *myself* in the middle of the party. We left Madame de Staël's together and supped at a tavern in Covent Garden, where we remained until four o'clock in the morning. It was in the middle of June, and Sheridan walked home to his residence, with his long sword clattering on the pavement, and his cocked hat rather awry on his head, followed by a large mob of admirers, and pelted with cabbage stumps and the offal of the streets.

NO. II.

A FEW days after the ball, I met Campbell accidentally in Regent-street. He had an old faded umbrella under his arm, and looked the picture of melancholy destitution: his coat thread-bare, his yellow gloves soiled and wrinkled from wear, a woe-begone expression of face that almost made one weep. When I approached him, he scarcely seemed to recognize me; and it was not until I mentioned my name, that a gleam of consciousness illuminated his countenance. He put the tips of his fingers into my hand in the coldest possible way, and seemed anxious to pass on. Suddenly, the friend who had introduced me to him on the former evening, came up, and Campbell was obliged to stay a moment to return his salute. This brief interval decided the fact of our acquaintanceship. Had he passed away, as he had evidently intended at first, I should perhaps have never again taken the liberty of addressing him, and he would have forgotten the fact of my existence; but the brief conversation that ensued, terminating in an invitation to dinner, laid the foundation of our acquaintance—it cannot be called friendship. For Campbell was one of those men who was nobody's friend but his own. I never saw any one who so entirely acted on the motto—"Every man for himself." He did not care a straw for any human being, nor did any human being (except, perhaps, his niece) care a whiff of tobacco for him. If his life should ever be written, it will be a cold, dull, commonplace memoir of dates and statistics; a catalogue of his publications, and the exact amount of pounds, shillings, and pence which they brought in; of quarrels with this bookseller, and rows with that

critic; of the number of old wigs which he left behind him at his death, and of the tobacco-pipes which he used during the year; a list of his various blue coats and yellow waistcoats, with the number of gilt buttons on each; a few scraps of memoranda, with exceedingly bitter and sarcastic sketches of his nearest friends; a file of upholsterers' bills, and butchers' accounts, and brandy merchants' items; but—alas! that it should be said—nothing sentimental, nothing romantic, nothing breathing of the poet, or of the muses. It would be utterly impossible for even the most brilliant fancy to write enthusiastically or warmly, or even admiringly, of Thomas Campbell. Those only can do it who never knew him, or who are mentioned in his will. Such a work as Moore's *Life of Byron*, which is really a romance of wondrous beauty, could never be written on the bard of Hope. The imagination freezes even to think of him! He was as unpoetical a creature as a dry old mummy, disintombed from an Egyptian catacomb; and it would be just as possible to create a poetical interest for one as for the other.

Campbell was more unfortunate in creating this feeling of thorough indifference about himself and his works, than poets usually are. Much of it, doubtless, was owing to his coldness and misanthropy of manner; much to his frog-like figure; much to his faded and lack-lustre appearance, which involuntarily inspired contempt. It was impossible not to feel as you looked at him, "*this man has no heart*." And then his language was habitually that of sneer, sarcasm, abuse, and contempt of everybody and everything. What he might have been in the company of dukes and duchesses, I know not, never having seen him in such society; but what he was in the society of men of his own rank and station, I know as well as any person on earth. If we were to judge of him by the way in which I once saw him treat the amiable and perfect Lord Ashley, Campbell was at all times and in all places the same. His lordship and I sat talking together in the embrasure of a large bow window just before dinner. Campbell passed and made a stiff bow. Lord Ashley in the kindest manner went up to the bard and saluted him. He took him by the hand, but the icy, contemptuous way in which his advances were received, made him immediately return to where I sat. A second of time elapsed, and Campbell seemed to be unconscious of having ever seen or known of such a person. And this was in the height of Lord Ashley's popularity on the factory question, when his name was in every paper and his praise on every lip.

We met at dinner—a quiet dinner in a quiet street—a room plainly furnished but brilliantly lighted up—a blazing fire that warmed the heart of the spectators—a delicious air of comfort (that truly English word) pervading the entire apartment. It had its effect even upon Campbell, who rubbed his hands over the fire with the air of a man who had made up his mind to pass the evening pleasantly. I remarked that he was neatly attired. The old dandy shone out in a particularly well-made coat and wig, and reminded me of Lord Byron's account of him in one of his diaries. "Campbell looks well, seemed pleased, and dressed to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively."

I hold that man to be a fool who talks much at

dinner, at least for the first half hour. Of this opinion were we three, for we sat in silence, and sensibly swallowed our soup and fish without making any other use of our tongues than that of taste. Nor did we plunge into discourse until an enlivening glow was first diffused through us by the electric flame of old golden sherry, which had a delicious oiliness and flavor that were particularly agreeable to Mr. Campbell. Our Amphytryon was a man of taste, discretion, and epicureanism, and I know nobody who gives better dinners on a small scale, or is a more perfect judge of what a luxurious repast should be. He was well acquainted with Campbell's likings and dislikings, and the consequence was, that the poet beamed forth in uninterrupted good humor, hilarity, and pungency of conversation.

We talked of Hazlitt. "Of all the false, vain, selfish blackguards," said Campbell, "that ever disgraced human nature, Hazlitt was the falsest, vainest, and most selfish. He would have sacrificed a million of men, had he the power to do so, to procure even one moment's enjoyment for himself. He would worm himself into your confidence only to betray you, and commit the basest act of ingratitude without a blush or sigh for its commission. I remember when I edited the *New Monthly*, Hazlitt used to write occasionally for it. Somehow he got acquainted with Northcote, the sculptor fellow—a conceited old booby, to be sure, but still a respectable man, as it is said, well to do in the world, puffed up a good deal with absurd vanity, and seduced by Hazlitt into the charming belief that his reminiscences were worth remembering and being remembered. Well, he persuaded this old stone-cutting donkey to invite him once a week to his house, and got liberty from him to retail his weekly gossip for the edification of the million. I published some of his papers in the *Magazine*; they were pungent; they satisfied the prurient curiosity of old maids and gossips; they sold remarkably well, and Northcote began to fancy himself a second Johnson. One morning before I was up, I received a letter from this old fool, complaining bitterly of the insertion in the table talk of some horribly severe remarks on — and —. He swore by everything that men believe and disbelieve, that he had never spoken as was represented; that Hazlitt was betraying and belying him, and that henceforward '*the black-guard penny-a-liner*' should be excluded from his house. I was rather amazed at this. The fact is, I did not care a rush what appeared in the magazine, so that it *told* and *sold*; and as Hazlitt put his name to the nonsense, I did not suppose he would dare to fabricate anything. Northcote, however, asserted that he had, and to pacify the old fool I wrote him a letter, assuring him that Hazlitt should never again write a line for the *New Monthly*. One expression which I used, excited Hazlitt's rage to an extent scarcely credible—'*the infernal Hazlitt*.' Oh! how he foamed and swore when he read this. But I did not value his passion at a button; though I admit I kept out of his way for a week, as I was told he intended to assault me. There is not a more degraded or disagreeable office for a literary man of any position, than to edit a magazine. It is a constant round of Billingsgate and fighting with his publisher, and an uninterrupted series of lies and sneaking statements to the various contributors. Booksellers are queer fellows. John Murray was the prince of booksellers."

We asked him whether he had not once toasted Bonaparte's health at a publisher's dinner, and celebrated him as a friend to literature? On being asked in what way he showed his friendship, Campbell answered, "he shot a bookseller." Tom gave a grim smile, which immediately expanded into a hearty fit of laughter, and pleaded guilty to the jest.

"Booksellers," said he, "joke about them as we like, are not a bad set of fellows—that is, not a very bad set of fellows. They are liberal enough so long as they can get anything out of you, but when they have racked your brains of the rich juice of wit, they treat you like a well-sucked orange, and fling you into the kennel. They are the only body of men who have no gratitude for past services; and though you make their fortune by your writings, they get rid of you when you cease to bring them in money. They give capital dinners, however, and are in this respect superior to any other class of tradesmen. Poets have been always treated infamously by their publishers—at least they say so, and sure we ought to believe them, though fiction is their trade."

From the manner in which this was said, it would be utterly impossible to decide whether it was uttered in jest or earnest. Campbell was fond of this mystifying talk, and was pleased when his meaning was so wrapped up as to be unintelligible.

I told him that poets were treated badly by booksellers only because they were so deficient of common sense as to be high-spirited and proud, and seldom or ever had an eye to the main chance; and I quoted for him a passage or two from Swift's letters, which ran, I think, somewhat this way—"I have been considering," says the dean, "why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth; they will give things under their hand which they make conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antechambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favorites in a great family. * * * Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age, and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. * * * An old decayed poet is a creature abandoned and at mercy when he can find none." This was the opinion of the dean, and his advice to Gay, but the latter had not wit enough to follow it.

"Swift," says Campbell, "was an abominable ruffian, though a shrewd, knowing knave, and I am glad Jeffrey always goes out of his way to attack him in the *Edinburgh*. Swift had absolutely no one good quality, and in this he differs from nearly all other literary men. Byron was a blackguard and a liar, but he had a lurking love of liberty which redeemed some of his errors—indeed, I should say a great many. Shelley was a filthy atheist, but the most sincere of men. Pope was a knave and a slanderer, but he was occasionally charitable. Gray was a selfish scoundrel, but he had at least the merit of being inoffensive; as we say of a sloth or a sow, he was a harmless, dirty beast. Johnson was a coarse brute and a tyrant, but then he was a good Protestant. Milton was a savage-minded wretch, but he did one good act—he defended the execution of Charles the First. I might go through the list forever.

Swift had not a single good quality, from the first moment of his rascally birth, to the last minute of his miserable death."

Whatever respect I might entertain for the opinions of Mr. Campbell on poetical subjects, it was impossible for one who had ever regarded Dean Swift as an idol worthy of the deepest veneration, to listen to this absurd nonsense with any other feelings than those of indignation, scorn, or perhaps contemptuous pity. I therefore, as warmly as I could, defended the memory of the illustrious dean, confessedly the first man of his time in scholarship, wit, political knowledge, and universality of genius; pious from conviction, moral from habit, charitable beyond his means, a sincere friend, and finally a strenuous assertor of the liberties of his native land.

ABI VIATOR
ET IMITARE SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI
LIBERTATIS VINDICATOREM.

Campbell listened with impatience, but without being convinced. Our host changed the subject.

"Whatever opinions," said he, "we may entertain of Swift's moral character, I think there can be no diversity of sentiment about his amazing genius. And this, as it appears to me, shines forth not only in his great and celebrated writings, but even in the veriest trifles from his pen. His Latin songs, which are at once both Latin and English, are astonishingly clever—not so much, perhaps, from their completeness as from their originality. Swift, I believe, was the first inventor of this kind of writing, and it is worthy of so great a wit."

"I do not recollect the songs of which you speak," said Campbell; "and indeed my contempt for the man has been always so unmitigated, that I doubt if I ever read his works. I have of course coquetted with them occasionally, reading portions here and there, just as suited my immediate necessity for a quotation or a wandering, idle fancy, but I cannot say I have ever read his works. I read the man in Johnson's memoir, and that was quite sufficient for me."

"Do you recollect any of them?" said —, turning to me.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," I answered; and thereupon I gave him the following specimens:—

A LOVE SONG.

*Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,
Alo ver I findit a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.*

*A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require,
A lover I find it a jest is,
His misery never at rest is.*

ANOTHER LOVE SONG.

*Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.*

*O mi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres,
Cantu disco ver,
Meas alo ver?*

Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is.
Molly divine is.

Oh! my dear mistress,
I'm in a distress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover!

Campbell laughed heartily. "*Ex pede Herculem*," he exclaimed. "There is a mine of originality and wit in those trifles. By-the-bye, I wonder would it be possible to write a Greek love song in the same way. I am told you know Greek (this was addressed to me.) Have you ever tried your hand at a song of that kind?"

I said, "No—the thing never occurred to me, nor do I think it could be done."

"Try, try," said Campbell, who was now in the full sunshine of humor. "There is nothing that cannot be done if one tries to do it. *Difficilia pulcra*, you know." Looking at the clock, "It is a quarter to nine," said he; "give us a Greek love song before the hand points to the hour."

Thus commanded, I pulled out a pocket-book, and in a few minutes, scribbled off the following. Campbell declared he was delighted with it, and he did me the honor of requesting a copy. I sent him one a few days after. I transcribe the present from the original draught; a small scrap of paper, hastily pencilled, which I have carefully preserved since, and which I afterwards asked Campbell to endorse for me. He promised, and requested me to send it to him, but I mislaid it, and it was only the other day, that, as I hurried over some miscellaneous papers, I found it cautiously pinned on to few old Greek exercises, the amusement of college leisure hours. I cannot describe to you with what a vividness this miserable scrap of manuscript brought back the scene in which it was written, the comfortable, neatly furnished parlor; the cheerful fire, with its bright ruddy face, laughing a welcome; the decanters that went round and were so often replenished with liberal hand, and the face of the poet himself glistening with good humor and hilarious expression—almost the only occasion on which I saw him thoroughly lay aside his prevailing cynicism.

A GREEK LOVE-SONG.

Μηρε μ' εἰ φηρ ἡ μισω λευκον φους
Εἶδων τ' κρη αστρ' αν φορα ποτε ποθ' ην,
Εἰμ' πηλας αγω σ'ταν δ' καν τ'ελου δε δυς ες
Μ' εἰτ' εἰμ' πασιν ον σε ν' σευ ε λεγει αφ' σην.
Βη φωρει μ' εἰτ' στιχην φατ' αμ' αν δ' ποιητος,
Ων ου εἰ καν δεινον ασμ' εἰλε ραχης,
Νω μωρ' εἰμ' σην αφ' τερ δε Πολλης αν Κητης
Μ' εἰμ' ηρι αλλων οφ' μι αρι σ' θεμις.

O Mary! my fairy, my soul you confuses,
I don't care a straw for a pot o' potheen,
I'm pale as a ghost, and can't tell how the
deuce is

My time passin' on since your leg I have seen;
Before I might stick in fat ham and potatoes,

Oh! now I can dine on a smile or a kiss,
No more I'm seen after the Pollys and Katys,
My Mary, alone, of my heart is the miss.

"Well," said Campbell, "Swift was a great fellow, but a terribly bitter scold. He spoke serpents. Byron studied him a good deal, and learned a thing or two from the dean. I once saw a man-

uscript essay, '*De Arte Billingsgatoriâ*,'—it was written by Maginn, and consisted entirely of extracts from the dean's writings, with such comments, additions, and improvements as you may easily fancy the doctor added, and *could* add. Murray showed it to me. It was a pity Lord Byron did not see it. He would have seen the original of many of his bitterest thoughts. In one of Byron's diaries, speaking of Junius, he says, 'I like the man; he was a good hater.' This arose from congeniality of sentiment. Nobody hated better than Lord Byron. The worst of it was he hated without a cause. Rogers treated Byron with invariable civility and kindness—as much from fear as from love of a lord. How did Byron repay him? Characteristically. He said that Rogers, in face and figure, was a *caricature of the crucifixion*, and he wrote the bitterest libel on him that has appeared since Swift. Were there ever such caustic lines as these:—

'Devil with such delight in damning
That if at the resurrection
Unto him the free election
Of his future could be given,
'T would be rather hell than heaven.'

The whole libel was published in *Fraser's Magazine* some time ago."

"That magazine," said ———, "has always been famous for libels, and I believe it owes much of its circulation to the brilliant bitterness of its articles. All those numbers in which libels have appeared are out of print. You could not for love or money purchase a number containing the attack on *Berkeley Castle*, or the libel on Mackintosh, or Rogers, or Dr. Nott, or any one of those in which other poor devils were held up with unrelenting hand. The public purchases these things with more avidity than any other. Milk and water never sells. Here, for instance," taking up a number of the magazine which lay on the table, "is a series of jokes and jests on Father Mahony. It is quite worthy either of Swift or Byron. It is supposed to be written by Maginn, and it is worthy of his pen."

"Read it, read it," said Campbell, whose eyes sparkled with anticipated pleasure. My friend did so—and here it is:—

A SAD REMONSTRANCE FROM THE GIRLS OF THE
POOR-HOUSE TO QUARANTOTTI MAHONY, ON HIS
PROPOSING TO HAVE THEIR HEADS SHAVED.

Quarantotti! Quarantotti!
Was it woman's womb begot thee?
Was it woman's milk that fed thee?
Woman's tongue that taught and bred thee?
Did she cradle in her bosom
Thy young limbs ere thou couldst use 'em?
Did she watch above thy sleep,—
Answer thy opening smile, and weep
When sickness from thy infant eye
Wrung the hot tear of agony!

Quarantotti! Quarantotti!
Woman could not have begot thee!
Else some trace of gentler feeling,
Softly o'er thy spirit stealing,—
Something tender, kind, and human,
Some one touch of love and woman,
Would come o'er thy heart that minute,
And wake a thrill of pity in it.

Shave our locks—oh Quarantotti!
Nature sure must have forgot thee

By some oversight or blindness
When the milk of human kindness
She was dealing out to man—
Not even a drop left in the pan
From which she skimmed the cream that made
Her richest, rarest stock in trade,
Was sprinkled o'er thy rugged breast—
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

Tell us, tell us, Quarantotti!
Tell us why did fate allot thee
Such a prying, bustling spirit,
And not mix one grain of merit—
Not one particle of sense
With thy active impotence!
Within, without, above, below,
We meet thee wheresoe'er we go;
From post to pillar always trotting,
Forever busy doing nothing,
In industry you leave behind
The devil in a gale of wind;
And his infernal majesty
In mischief scarce surpasses thee.
Not that we deem thy thought is ill,
There *may* be goodness in thee still;
But, then, it is so deep inherent,
It never yet became apparent;
So fixed and rooted in thy heart,
So wedded to thy inmost part,
That never yet thy good intent
E'en showed its nose by accident.

For once, humility forbearing,
Pray let thy virtue take an airing;
'T is now so long since it stirred out,
'T will be ashamed, at first, no doubt;
Then lest its ears with blushes tingle,
Just let it take a covered jingle;
But on that day thou stay within,
For, e'en with thine own virtue seen,
Man would distrust his visual sense,
And think the latter a pretence.

Quarantotti! if you can,
Mend your in and outward man;
Lower thy nose's saucy cock,
Lessen thy *tile*, curtail thy talk,
Reform thy air, repress thy pride,
And turn thy spectacles inside;
But if thou wilt neglect thy beads,
Busying thy empty scone with heads,
Look to the *inside* of thine own,
And let our flowing locks alone.

"Now I know for a fact," added ———, "that the *Magazine* in which this appeared, sold with unexampled rapidity. All the newspapers took up the article, which came out opportunely. The master of the Dover workhouse had, about a fortnight before, cropped every one of the inmates, male and female, and this created a terrible row. Two country magistrates had also committed to prison a couple of strolling players, who had been brought before them, and the jailer had ordered their hair to be cut off. Both these incidents happening at the same time, directed public attention to the verses, and I do not remember to have ever seen greater excitement or fun."

"You omit one part of the joke," said I, "and, in my opinion, the cream of it. Mahony, though deucedly angry at the publication, wrote a letter to the author, telling him he was not angry at all, &c., &c. By some means this got wind, and Mahony himself was charged with the authorship of the verses."

"Let us come back to Byron," said Campbell; "we have strayed away from him and Swift unaccountably. Homer is the man whom I most love to quote. In him you can find a verse or a thought, or an expression, applicable to everything and every man on earth. There is one phrase of his which appears to me, above any other, to describe rightly the genius of Byron, and that is, *ακαματον πνευ*, a phrase applied to Diomed in the battle. Now, in nobody was the *ακαματον πνευ* of genius so remarkably displayed as in Byron; and like an *unwearied fire*, it burned him within and within, rendering him splendidly wretched. *It was like the robe and golden crown which Medea, in Euripides, sends Glaucé, the wife of Jason; their beauty and magic loveliness did not prevent them from consuming to ashes the victim whom they so gorgeously adorned.*"

The splendor of this comparison delighted us. I really think it one of the most magnificent images ever used, and for the convenience of my readers I insert the passage here from the play. It was in comparisons of this kind that Campbell was grand and original. His usual conversation was uninteresting, or, at least, not remarkably striking; but he occasionally poured forth some great original poetry of thought, which, like a beautiful star shining down upon the black waste of waters, shed a gleam of intense glory wherever its rays fell.

*Χρυσους μεν αμφι κρατι χειμενος πλοκος
Θαυμαστον λει ναμα παμφαγου πυρος.
Πεπλοι δε λεπτοι, σων τεκνων δωρηματα,
Λευκην εδαπτον σαφρα της δυσδαιμονος.
Φευγει δ' αναστας εκ θρονων πυρουμένη
Σειουσα χαιτην κρατα τ' αλλοτ' αλλοτε
Ραυαι θελουσα στεφανον αλλ' αραροτος
Συνδεσμεα χρυσους ειχε πυρδ', επει κομην
Εσεις, μλλον δις τοσως τ' ελαμπετο.
Πιτνει δ' ες ουδας, ξυμφορα νικωμένη."*

"The golden wreath, indeed, placed on her head, was sending forth a wondrous current of all-consuming fire; while the fine-wrought robes, the presents of thy children, were mangling the snow-white flesh of the ill-fated lady; and rising from her seat, she flies all on fire, tossing her hair and head in different directions, desirous to throw off the crown; but the golden wreath firmly kept its hold, and the fire, when she shook her hair, blazed still more, and with twice as much fury, and she sinks on the ground, subdued by fate."

"Talking of Medea," said ———, "I always thought, Campbell, that your versified speech of the chorus in that tragedy was altogether a mistake. In the first place, it is disfigured with adjectives, and is three times too long."

"Perhaps it is," replied Campbell impatiently; "but brevity is not the virtue of a young writer, and I was exceedingly young and inexperienced when that thing was scribbled."

"In the next place," continued our host, (at whose rashness I began to tremble; but it seemed he could take liberties with Campbell, which nobody else would venture upon.)—"in the next place, the spirit of the entire speech in your version is wrong. The chorus to which Medea communicates her design of murdering Glaucé and her children, is by no means unfriendly towards Medea; on the contrary, they are favorably, even fondly disposed to her interests, and throughout the entire dialogue, no harsh word escapes their lips. They are not struck with horror when the contemplated

murder is first mentioned to them. They only say—

“Επειπερ ἦν τοιδ' ἐκoinώσας λόγον,
Σε τ' ὠφελεῖν θελοῦσα, καὶ νόμοις βροτῶν
Συλλαβανούσα, δρᾶν σ' ἀπεννεῖω ταδε.”

“Since thou hast communicated thy design to us, both *from a wish to serve thee*, and aiding the laws of mortals, *I dissuade thee from acting thus.*”

“And Medea herself is so conscious of this feeling that she addresses them:—

“Λεξεις δὲ μηδὲν τοῖν ἐμοὶ δεδογμένων,
Ἐπειρ φρονεῖς γ' ἐν δεσποταῖς, γυνὴ τ' ἐφύς.”

“But thou wilt mention nothing of the things resolved on by me, if *thou art kindly disposed to thy mistress, and art a woman.*”

“The chorus then proceeds:—

“Ἐρχεῖσθαι το παλαιὸν ὀλβιοι,
καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακαρῶν,
ἱερὰς χώρας ἀπορθητὸν τ'
ἀποφρεβομένοι
κλειτοτάτην σοφίαν,
αἰετὶ δια λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἄβρω; αἰθερός,
ἐνθα ποθ' ἄγρας
ἐννεα Πιερίδας
Μουσὰς λεγούσι
ἔαθ' Ἀρμονίαν φανένυσαι.
τοῦ καλλίναον τ' ἀπο Κηφισοῦ ροᾶς
τὰν Κυπρίν κληζούσιν ἀφυσ-
-σάμεναι, χώρας καταπνεύσαι
μετρίας ἀνεμῶν
ἰδρυπνοὺς αὐρὰς
αἰετὶ ἐπιβαλλόμεναι
χαιταῖσιν εὐωδὴ ῥοδε-
-ῶν πλοκὸν ἀνθεῶν
τὰ σοφία παρεδρῶς
πεμπλὴν ἐρωτίας,
παντοίας ἀρετίας ξυνεργούς.
πῶς οὖν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν,
ἡ πόλις, ἡ φίλων
πομπῆς σε χώρα
τὰν παιδολετεῖραν ἔξει,
τὰν οὐκ ὅσιν; μετ' ἄλλων
σκεψαὶ τεκνῶν πλάγαν,
σκεψαὶ φόνον οἷον αἰρεῖ.
μὴ πρὸς γονατῶν σε παντὶ
παντὶς ἰκτενεύμεν,
τεκνὰ φρονέουσας.
πῶς δὲ θρασὺς ἡ φρενὸς ἡ
χεῖρ τεκνῶν σεθεν
καρδία τε λήψει
δεινὰν προσαγούσα τόλμαν;
πῶς δ' ὁμματα προσβαλοῦσα
τεκνοῖς, ἀδακρυὴν μοῖραν
σχήσει φόνου; οὐ δύνασαι
παιδῶν ἵκεταιν πυτνοῦτων
τεγξάι χερα φοινίαν
τλαμονὶ θυμῷ.”

“Now here is a literal translation of the speech:—

“‘Offspring of Erechtheus, happy of old, and children of the blessed gods, who [sprung] from a sacred and unconquered land, feed on far-famed wisdom, joyously tripping continuously through

the clearest air, where they say that the auburn Harmonia formerly gave birth to the nine chaste Pierian Muses. And they say that Venus breathed through the country the gentle fragrant breezes of the winds, inhaling them from the stream of the fair-flowing Cephissus; and that, always entwining in her locks the fragrant wreath of blooming roses, she sends the loves assessors to wisdom, coöperators in all sorts of virtue. How then shall either the city of sacred streams, or the country that conducts friends, contain the murderer of her children—one that is impious! With others consider the blow [inflicted] on thy offspring; consider what a murder thou art undertaking. By thy knees we all, in all possible ways, supplicate thee, do not kill thy children. But how [wilt thou either acquire] confidence of mind, or [how] wilt thou, with hand and heart, seize thy children, assuming terrible boldness; or how wilt thou, darting thine eyes on thy children, sustain the allotment of their murder exempt from tears! Thou wilt not be able with audacious spirit to imbrue thy hand in their blood, when thy children fall suppliant.’

“Contrast this with *your* version:—

“O haggard Queen, to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore;
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where peace and mercy dwell for evermore!

The land where truth—pure, precious, and sublime—

Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers.

Where joyous youth to music's mellow strain
Twines in the dance with nymphs forever fair,
While spring eternal on the lily plain
Waves sombre radiance through the fields of air.

The tuneful Nine, so sacred legends tell,
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among,
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell—
Still in your vales they swell the choral song.

But there the tuneful chaste Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in bright auburn o'er her polished brow.

Where silent vales and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day
The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave.

And blessed the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans your summer bowers,
And there the sister loves, a smiling band,
Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers.

‘And go,’ she cries, ‘in yonder valleys rove,
With beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine,
Wake in each eye the radiant light of love,
Breathe on each cheek young passion's tender bloom.

‘Entwine with myrtle chains your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind,

With glowing charms enrapture wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal virtue's mind.

The land where heaven's own hallowed waters
play,

Where friendship binds the generous and the
good,

Say shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman, with thy hands imbrued

In thine own children's gore! Oh! ere they bleed
Let nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!

Pause at the bold irrevocable deed,
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall
fall.

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
sting.

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear,
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear!

No, let thy bosom melt to pity's cry,
In dust we kneel, by sacred heaven implore;
Oh, stop thy lifted arm ere yet they die
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore.

Say how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Unstamp'd by horror at the daring plan!
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom.
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought, and bid thee
weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent
dear,

Heave the deep sob and pour the artless prayer;
Ay, thou shalt melt, and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the hardened features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,
Thy trembling hand the ruffian's task deny,
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade undrench'd in blood's eternal dye."

"This," resumed —, after he had laid down
the book, "is all abuse,—'haggard queen,'
'damned parricide,' 'unholy woman,' 'horrid
hands,' 'barbarous soul,' &c. &c. There is nothing
of the kind in the original."

"There certainly is not," answered Campbell.
"I suppose I had Seneca's tragedy in my mind,
when I translated the speech. I perceive I have
taken an unjustifiable liberty with it; and, if I feel
in the mood one of these days, I shall alter it a
good deal."

"The chorus in Seneca's tragedy," said —,
"is really wonderful. It presents the scene be-
fore you with almost supernatural reality. All is
hurry, bustle, fear, terror, death. One can see,
as he reads it, Medea rushing on to the destruc-
tion of her children, with her dagger in her hands,
as if the scene were enacted before him.

Quonam crumenta mœnas
Præceps amore sævo
Rapitur! quod impotenti
Faciens parat furore?
Vultus citatus ira
Riget, et caput feroci
Quatiens superba motu
Regi minatur ultro.

Quis credat exultantem?
Flagrant genæ rubentes,
Pallor fugat ruborem.
Nullum vagante forma
Servat diu colorem.
Hæc fert pedes et illuc,
Ut tigris orba gnatis,
Cursu furente lustrat
Gangeticum nemus; sic
Frænare nescit iras
Medea, non amores
Nunc ira amorque causam
Junxere, quid sequetur?
Quando efferet Pelasgis
Nefanda Colchis arvis
Gressum, metoque solvet
Regnum, simulque reges!
Nunc Phæbe mitte currus
Nullo morante loro;
Nox condant alma lucem,
Mergat diem timendum
Dux noctis Hesperugo.

"Virgil has nothing like this. Your decasyllables are entirely two solemn and stately for this wondrous scene; and the speech, if re-written, ought to be put in the metre of

" 'Hallow'd earth with indignation;
or that of Gray—

" 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.'

"I wonder, with so fine an ear for poetry, and so accurate an eye for situation, you made so great a mistake."

Campbell appeared to bear all this very stoically; but it was impossible not to see that he would much rather the evening had ended without any such lecture. Soon after, coffee was ordered. We asked him why he had condescended to become the biographer of an actress, Mrs. Siddons.

"Because," said he, "I wanted two hundred pounds. Actors," he added, "are a vain and stupid race of coxcombs. One of the melodramatic heroes once boasted a good deal, in my presence, of the number of characters he had personated in one evening.

"I have seen you play two characters at once," said I.

"What were they?" inquired the actor.

"Why, you attempted the character of Caspar, in *Der Freischütz*, and played the devil with it."

"The fellow never again bragged much in my presence."

My impression of Campbell on this interview was rather altered from what it had been on the former occasion. Then, I confess, I left him with but a low estimate of his powers; on this occasion, however, that estimate was greatly increased for the better. His scholarship appeared first-rate; and his opinions of his contemporaries, in the main, just, though severe. It will not be supposed that he confined his conversations solely to the dead. His strictures on living characters were more pungent than even those which he passed upon departed ones; but this age is so thin-skinned, that it would not do to print them. The nineteenth century has out-lived its wild, erratic, dazzling nonage, and is growing old and gentleman-like, cautious about whom it abuses, remarkably attentive to appearances, shrewd and courteous, as most old fellows usually become, with a slight touch of Methodism and cant. What we shall come to, if this vein continues, it would be

difficult to say; but I scarcely think the spirit of these times is favorable for the development of any other than mediocre genius. Campbell's notions on this point coincided a good deal with both mine and my friend's; and, though he had the dignified reserve of a grand lord rector of a Scotch university, there were times when he did not scruple to tell us what he thought.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MINOR MATTERS IN DRESS.

It is not to be supposed that a man is to be styled "dressed" when he has only got a proper coat on his back; something more than this is necessary ere he can claim a place in the *beau monde*, or can decently figure in a *bal paré*. There is no one, indeed, but your mere Hottentot, who considers himself the pink of fashion solely from the fact of throwing something, more or less becoming, over his shoulders; though, by the way, we once heard of a negro chief, who in a state of unclad majesty, clapped a gold-faced cocked-hat on his head, and then strutted about with an air of intense satisfaction at the result of his habilimentary effort. He was not a well-dressed man this chief, any more than our friend the Frenchman in the diligence; but we will tell you this æsthetic story, gentle reader.

It was our destiny once—as it has been, too, of many a son of perfidious Albion—to be journeying across the monotonous plains of Upper Burgundy, *en route* for the gay capital. It was a summer morn, and the breezy call of the incense-breathing lady, as Gray the poet calls her, came delightfully upon our heated forehead, as we pushed down the four-paned rattling window of that clumsy typification of slowness, misnamed a diligence, to escape from the stifling atmosphere of the *rotonde*. Our fellow-travellers consisted of a couple of greasy, black-haired, sallow-faced curés, two farmers' wives with a puking child each, our own portly self, and the sixth passenger. Now, this sixth individual, who was in reality the eighth Christian immured in this quasi Black-hole, was one of those nondescript Parisian existences, to define whom is almost impossible to those who have never witnessed the animal. He might have been a *commis-voyageur*, or a clerk in the passport-office, or the keeper of a small café, or an *épicer*, but he did not look stupid enough for the last. Be this as it may, he was short rather than tall, lean rather than fat—in a shabby brown surtout—smoked and took snuff—had been in Dauphiné—thought the Germans a set of European Chinese—considered a national guard as the model of a good soldier—kept spitting out of the window from time to time—stretched his legs most inconveniently against ours—tied his head up at dark in a dirty bird's-eye blue cotton *mouchoir-de-poche*, and snored throughout the night. He told us that he had not washed or shaved himself since leaving Lyons, two days before; and in the morning, just as we were opening the window, Monsieur yawned, stretched, rubbed his eyes, spat and spoke—"Sacré nom de cochon! Conducteur! conducteur! vous m'avez donc oublié! il fallait me faire descendre là bas!—là bas! là! là! nom de Dieu!"—"Plait-il?" said the *conducteur* as he came round to the door, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "qu'est ce que vous voulez, M'sieur?"—"Je vous avais dit qu'il fallait me faire descendre chez M. Dubois, et main-

tenant nous voilà à—où sommes-nous, par exemple!" "Imbécile! il y a encore trois bonnes lieues à la Pissotte!" and the angry *conducteur*, who had been roused from his sleep, and climbed over and round the lumbering vehicle to the back-door, now climbed round and over again to the *banquette*. The sixth passenger squeezed himself back into the corner, and resumed:—"M. Dubois ne m'attend pas: d'ailleurs je ne le connais pas: c'est égal; je me nicherais chez lui pour une huitaine de jours: j'y ferai de bonnes affaires." All this was of course as unintelligible to the other passengers as it would have been uninteresting if we had cared to listen to him:—"Puisqu'il peut y avoir des dames," he went on, "il faut faire ma toilette." So saying, he took off his pocket-handkerchief from his head, and wiped his face well with it, yawned a good deal, and spat incontinently; opened his coat, spread back and jerked down the lapels; shoved his fingers comb-fashion and comb-color through his matted hair till it stood up à la Bugaboo; and then looked round for admiration. "Ah! je l'avais oublié," he exclaimed. Upon this he pulled out a large shabby green pocket-book from his coat; took off a greasy black stock, displaying a collarless shirt and a neck, upon the tinge of which it would be needless to descant, and then extracting from the pocket-book two curvilinear pieces of dirty white paper, which had been folded more than once, and had an ink spot or two on their surface, applied them to his chin, holding their corners in his mouth, buckled on his stock again over them, adjusted these pseudo collars by aid of his watch-back, grinned a smile of approbation, and exclaimed, "Me voilà propre!"

It is not enough to be *propre* in one article of dress only: you must preserve a certain æsthetic *tournure*, or else set yourself down among the frumpy multitude forever. This must be our apology, dear reader, for thus detaining your attention, and for setting before you "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," which may tend, if properly applied, to the inappreciable beautification of your own valuable person. Descend we therefore from the head and trunk of man—a curious bathos—to his understandings and unmentionables; you know what we mean. And herein, as in duty bound, draw we a distinction. "We know how to call all the drawers by name," (if we may so take a liberty with friend William's prose;) and let us therefore premise that we shall notice the unmentionable trews, *femoralia*, or *periscelemata*—as the Greeks would probably have called them, only they wore them not, but like Highland laddies preferred their own hides—of the virile portion of the community only. As for those tantalizing appendages of the better portion of her majesty's subjects, we leave them in their proper concealment. We could easily write a volume or two to show that the custom came from Ormus, or Ind, or Araby the Blest; but criticism would not be tolerated, and besides—

—"Levius fit patientia
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."
"On s'accoutume à tout!"

Go, therefore, æsthetic reader, to Trajan's column at Rome, and amid the barbaric costumes which adorn it, you will find the prototype of the modern trouser. Or you need not travel so much out of your way. In the Townley Gallery there is the figure of Mithras with a fashionable pantalo on his legs; and in the Louvre there are two

or three disconsolate-looking barbaric captives, with their trousers flapping about their shins, and tied round their ankles: these are the originals of our modern what d'ye-call'ems. As for the good old buckskins of our venerated grandsires and governors, they arose in Roman times. Field-marshal Julius Cæsar wore something very near of kin to them under his military kilt, in that pretty little skirmish wherein he first had the honor of exchanging stones and darts with our British ancestors; and from those days down to the present time has this garment maintained its ground, and proved its utility, with undying pertinacity. Now, we do not approve of the barbaric trews: that tying of them round the ankles, though it kept out the cold, was decidedly a Sawney practice: it militated against the curves of the leg, and destroyed all firmness and dignity of gait. Far better was the fashion of the middle ages, when the trouser became a real pantaloons—a *pantaloons* collant, as modern artists call it, and when the full symmetry of the limb was displayed to the utmost advantage. This was, no doubt, the acme of perfection that the garment in question was capable of; and it is to be lamented that the mode has not kept its position in society more universally. For all purposes of ceremonial or ornamental dress, this form should still be rigidly adhered to. Utility and ornament here go hand in hand, or rather inside each other. No disguise of natural form is attempted; and a man's appearance is judged of at its true value. The tight pantaloons is at once simple, useful, and beautiful. So far for its form. But there is an immense difficulty in the choice of its substance. If too elastic, the knee will soon make for itself one of those provoking pudding-bags that have tended, more than anything else, to bring the fashion into disfavor. If too rigid and too frail, you know the catastrophe! We still remember the case of a fat friend of ours at a fancy-ball! British manufacturing ingenuity should bestir itself to invent a stuff fit for satisfactorily solving this vestimental problem of the greatest strain; and the pantaloons might then once more resume its paramount sway. To revert to the old buckskin: it is a perfectly respectable, useful, and satisfactory affair for the purposes to which it is now applied; and worn with a stout top-boot, and thrown over the side of a gallant horse, has no superior in the world. It is also a very good thing to put on if you are going to a new tailor's in town, especially if you can write Harkaway Hall as your address. The man will set you down for a real country-squire, and will give you tick for the next twenty years. But if you want to avoid having your pocket picked, don't wear buckskins as you go along Piccadilly; buckskins and tops, on foot, are so truly Arcadian in their appearance, that the swell mob cannot resist the temptation, and you are pretty sure to be victimized. As for the unmeaning black things worn with white silk stockings on court-days, and gloried in by all the beaux of the eighteenth century, they ought to be sent to the right-about as neither useful nor becoming. It may be all very well for Spanish matadors and Castilian dancers to wear them; but they were originally intended to have boots beneath them. So Charles I. wore them until he borrowed a foolish fashion from France—and from the very cut and nature of them, they should be worn so still, or abandoned altogether. We quarrel with them, not on the score of form so much as on that of inutility and undue contrast of color. If the thing be dark, and the

stocking light, an effect of cleanliness is attained; but the magpie appearance immediately prevails. The case is the same as that of a white waistcoat and a black coat; too glaring, *trop prononcé*. If they are both of the same color, then the tight and continuous pantaloons is far more reasonable and becoming, and, for use, anything else is better—*experto crede*. The only exception in its favor that we can make, is for the sportsman and the farmer; for him who joins on a stout legging or a gaiter, whether of cloth or leather; or, if you wish to do a bit of Jerry Hawthorn to some friend's Tom or Logic, here is your garment *de rigueur*;—put on your leggings, your green coats, and your white hat, and you are complete; but unless you wish to be mistaken for your friend's butler, or a waiter from your club, do not venture on the black *culotte*.

The trouser, then—the modern trouser—what are we to say of this? Why, that it is the most useful, the most comfortable, the most economical, and one of the least ugly garments ever invented by man. We almost remember the day, dear reader, when as yet trousers were among the great unborn; it was only the duke, and those dashing fellows at his heels, who imported the idea, we believe from Germany originally, though they used it in the Peninsula. After the battle of Waterloo, no man of any spirit at all ever wore anything else for common use. It existed, certainly, among our honest tars long previously to this epoch; but the *fashion* did not come from them; the rage originated with the Peninsular troops, and was confirmed by the examples of the brilliant staffs that accompanied the allied sovereigns to this country in 1814. It is true that the trouser did not assume its definite and rational form, such as it now has, all at once; it went through a round of vagaries indicative of a most diseased state of public taste. At one time it was all *à la Cosaque*, and you might have made a greatcoat out of a pair; at another, it was half up the leg, and more than two feet in circumference; by degrees it got strapped down, and cut away into a sensible kind of shape; and now it has attained the *juste milieu*, making a happy compromise between the tight symmetry of the pantaloons, and the flaunting of the sailor's ducks. An immense step in the improvement of this garment has been made by the introduction of all that beautiful variety of plaids, and checked patterns, which are so commonly used; those in wool for winter wear are truly delightful; while for summer use, the trouser recommends itself to our untiring favor by the multiplicity of soft light substances which are everywhere employed. The trouser is to the pantaloons as the foraging cap is to the hat—good for all kinds of use, and likely to remain so for an indefinite period; good for all ranks and for all ages. One canon, however, should be laid down as to the cut:—no pockets should be tolerated on any account whatever: they make a man look like a Yankee. 'Tis the most slovenly custom on earth to keep your hands in your pockets—you deserve to have them sewed in if you indulge in it. And therefore, to avoid this disagreeable penalty, have your pockets sewed up.

The next step downwards in the scale of dress brings us to the basis, foundation, and understanding of mankind—we mean boots and shoes; and here, being approvers of both "*men and women's conscia recti*," as old Joe used to say, we must give a word of advice to both sexes; and ye who groan under the torments of corns, ("bunions" is

a nasty word,—we always think of onions when we hear it,) attend to our dictum. If anything imperatively demands that utility should be consulted before ornament in its construction, it is the covering of the foot; whoever goes hunting in a dancing-pump is a fool, and whoever dances in a shooting-shoe is a clodhopper. There can be no doubt that the human mind speedily adopted normal rules of design when first the idea of protecting the foot was started in the world—and, on the whole, less absurdity has been evidenced in the pedal integuments than in most other matters of dress. The old tragic buskin, and the comic sock, the military sandal, *caliga*, and boot, all did their duty excellently in ancient times: we have not a word of reproach for them—and their successors in the middle ages acquitted themselves of their duties in a tolerably satisfactory manner, though not without some curious flights of fancy. Thus the cross gartering of the Saxon buskin, boots, or gaiter, or whatever else it might have been, looks to us truly absurd and uncomfortable, judging from the caricatured figures of ancient MSS.; but the peaked and tied-up points of the 14th century, when the toe was fastened to the knee, strikes us as the *ne plus ultra* of human folly. How Richard II.'s courtiers must have gone slopping and spirting about in the mud that befouled their streets as well as ours! What queer figures they must have cut on horseback in a rainy day, with the water running off from the pendulous tips of their shoes! Nevertheless, there was something good in the arrangement of the upper part of the shoe or half-boot of those times, and even of earlier days, as any one who reads the *Art-Union*, or who knows the history of British costume, can tell. It formed an appropriate termination to the tightly-dressed limb; and when not too much pointed, prolonged the natural shape of the foot into a gracefully-curving support. Shoes, in the present sense of the term, were not then worn: everything was limited to the elastic half-boots: but for the huntsman or the horseman, not armed for the tented field, a sort of brown leather boot coming up to the knee was in common use. This had no falling tops, and was far removed from the ridiculous Spanish boot of after days. It was a plain and useful servant to the cavalier, and became him much better than the ponderous jack-boot of later times. It is to the Spaniards that we are indebted, if "indebted" be a suitable term, for the wide-topped falling boot of the sixteenth century; that inconvenient, no-service thing—good for the stage-players, fancy-ball men, and fellows like old Hudibras, who crammed a portable larder and wardrobe into its unfathomable recesses; but for the rough-riding horseman or the active hunter, a nuisance beyond all description. Boots such as these may look admirably well in pictures; for when delineated by a Vandyke, anything would become graceful; but for actual practice, they would serve only to catch the rain, and to gall the legs of the wearer. Their descendant, the top-boot, has reformed itself wonderfully, and nearly all the inconvenience has been got rid of. Still, the brown color of the top, which is no longer the inside of the boot turned down, as it was once, is an anomaly, and the boot itself ought to be merged in the plain single-colored boot which is now much used on the continent, though in England patronized only by the Meltonians. For positive use, the boot ought to come up fully to, or above the knee, in order to stand the wear and pressure of

the saddle; but for ornament, it may well be allowed to rise only partially up the leg, and to be, in short, the beautiful Hessian or Hungarian boot—far the most graceful covering ever put on the leg of a modern European. That such a truly elegant boot, so gentlemanlike, so dressy, and yet so thoroughly serviceable, should ever have gone out of fashion, is to us a melancholy, though not a needed, proof of the sheer caprice by which men's fancies are commonly swayed. We suspect, however, that if any cause more ostensible than mere accident can be alleged for this change, it is to be traced to some knock-knee'd or spindle-shanked fellow, who was ashamed to show his mis-shapen legs, and therefore concealed them in loose trousers. These boots, it is true, were not so well calculated for campaigning as the smaller ones which still bear the great man's name; and this may have had something to do with their disuse; nevertheless the change is to be lamented æsthetically, for the perfect union of utility and ornament was never so well exemplified as in the Hessian boot.

With all due respect to the dancing world, or to the world of dancing-masters, we beg leave to anathematize the light shoe or pump; it is an ugly, inconvenient, unsuitable thing, fit for a man with a white waistcoat, gold chain, knee-breeches, &c., but not for a gentleman. The true æsthetical article is either the elastic half-boot of the middle ages, fitting on to the pantaloons, or else the thin Wellington boot of the present day under the trousers. We do not care to see your ribbed and open-worked silk stockings; such display is not for the sterner sex; even in his highest moments of ornament, a man should always bear about him a trace of the useful. To illustrate what we mean—a man is not born to be a dancing-master, nor a tavern-waiter; a gentleman, more especially, is intended, from the moment he can run alone, to be ready for feats of gallantry and hardihood. He should dress accordingly; and, as a fundamental rule, the reason for which lies deeper than most people think, a gentleman should always be so attired as that, if occasion demands, he should be able to mount a horse on the instant and ride for his life. Now, your modern exquisite in pumps, or your old beau of the last century in high red-heeled shoes, could do nothing of the kind without much previous preparation; and we take it to be a sign of their degenerating manhood. Nine tenths of the men who take pleasure in shoes and pumps, are but tailors on horseback; and the old fox-hunter, or the old dragoon, (good types both in their way of what a man should be,) love their boots next to their bottle. A slipper and a dressing-gown are excellent companions, agree well together, and never give their master a moment's uneasiness; hence their value; similarly, a stout high-low and a good leathern legging, buttoned well over the ankle beneath, and the knee above, will carry a man through heather or gorse, on foot or on horseback, and will prove "marvellous good wear;" they ought to be, as indeed they commonly are, dear friends to "whoever loves his country."

As for the ladies, truly we have little to say; they have always done pretty well in the matter of their feet. For them shoes are indispensably necessary, and, indeed, highly appropriate and becoming—so, too, are half-boots—and, fixed between these limits, the fair sex never have gone, nor, perhaps, can go, far astray. The nearer

they keep to the form of nature in the clothing of their feet the better—it is a rule as true as the day, that a woman can seldom, if ever, artificially improve her form. But there is one curious circumstance connected with ladies' shoes, which, it appears, our fair countrywomen are not competent judges of—at least, we appeal to every man in England not beyond his grand climacteric, and with two eyes in his head, for the correctness of our views in what we are going to assert:—a lady's shoe, worn with crossing sandals, gently curving over the instep and round the ankle, is immeasurably superior to the plain, quaker-like, old-maid affair, worn with the old-fashioned tie or button. Did women but know how much these slender lines of riband add to their appearance, how well the contrast sets off the anatomical beauties of their feet, they would never put on a shoe without such an appendage. In the same way, the nicely fitted boot, displaying the exact form of the arching foot, and deliciously-contrasted in color with the robe or stocking, gives a prestige to a lady's foot, which can only be compared to the effect produced by the Hessian boot upon their lords and masters. We have nothing to say against the prevailing fashion of ladies' *chaussures* worn—even down to the clog and patten, everything is elegant, everything is proportionably useful.

One hint let us give to all. The secret of a well-fitting shoe, or rather of a good-looking shoe—and it is upon this principle that all French shoemakers proceed, but all English cobblers do not—is, that it should be much longer than the foot itself—at least an inch or an inch and a half longer. And for these two reasons: first, that, since a squat, broad, dumpy foot is much uglier than a long thin one, therefore you may always diminish the appearance of breadth, by adding to the reality of length; and next, that when the shoe is long, the toes have plenty of room, and commonly 't is here that "the shoe pinches." No one has corns on his heels or the sides of his feet, let his shoes or boots be as narrow as he can well bear them: it is upon those poor, pent up, imprisoned, distorted joints of the toes, that the rubs of the world come, and that the corning process goes on. If you would cure yourself, reader, of the most obdurate corn, or if you would guarantee your children from ever having any, let them, and do you yourself, wear French *chaussures*; or else have the boots, &c., made fitting well to the foot at the side, and with exactly one inch, at the least, to spare in length, when standing in them. We'll bet you a hundred to one on the result; and you may ask any *cordonnier* in the Rue de Richelieu.

English shoemakers, be it observed, are nearly a century behind their Gallic brethren in the craft; they work more clumsily—with less art, less means, and less desire to please; they have no invention in the higher parts of their science, and they are abominably dear. We do not wish to disparage anything in our native country—far from it; but take the hint, gentle reader; whatever your friends may say about it, always buy a French shoe or boot in preference to an English one; if of equal quality, the cut of the French is sure to be better; if not quite so strong, yet the goodness of the fit makes the thing wear longer. Above all, whenever you go to Paris, lay in as large a stock of these things as your purse will allow; they never get worse for age, and they are cheaper

and better there than in any other part of the world. The next time you meet us in the Park, we'll show you a pair of boots made for us by Legrand, in 1841, which we have ridden in and walked in now three winters; there is not a crack in them; they, like their master, have never lost their *soles*, (we can't say so much for our *hearts*,) they fit us like our own skin, and they cost less than a pound sterling. Dear old Hoby may go and hang himself!

From the regions of mud, dust, leather, and blacking, we will now reascend to the higher localities of the human person, and will fasten ourselves round the reader's neck. Do not be alarmed, we only want to catch your attention; we will not extend the word to anything else. Here, too, ladies are exempted by their especial privilege from our impudent scrutiny; their necks when unadorned are adorned the most; if they are cold, let them put on their boas, or a *fichu*, or muffle up their shawls; let them eschew all false collars, let them delight in good lace, and the matter is settled. But for a man with a bad tie! we could take him by the throat and throttle him! Here it is our duty freely to declare our candid opinion, that Beau Brummell and George IV. were not benefactors to the human race by introducing stiff cravattes and endless swathes of linen round the region of jugular veins and carotid arteries; if a man wishes to be comfortable anywhere, it is surely in his neck; let old gentlemen with scrofulous chins muffle themselves up to suffocation if they please; but why should we, who have nothing the matter with us, and wish to turn our heads *ad libitum*, be thus girt about and half stifled? Our climate, no doubt, requires some protection for the neck, and while beards are not worn, a cravat of some kind or other may be said to be necessary; but if comfort and use can be combined with elegance and good taste, and yet the old starched thing got rid of, so much the better. Let us remark, therefore, that we have done wrong in quitting the fashion of the seventeenth century as to cravats; we have adopted a stiff and a common material, and we have lost all opportunity of enjoyment, as well as of ornament. If you ever indulge in a white choker, good reader, only reflect for a minute on what you have round your neck—a yard and a half of stuff, the intrinsic value of which may be a couple of shillings, *plus* a pennyworth of starch, *plus* a neck as thick as an elephant's leg, and as stiff as a door-post, *minus* all grace, *minus* all comfort. But go and look at the Second Charles at Hampton Court—see how the merry monarch managed his neck on gala-days. You will observe that he had half a yard of the finest cambric, as soft as a zephyr, and as warm as swan's-down, tied once round; and ending before in long deep borders of the most precious Mechlin lace, worth a guinea or two a-yard, falling gracefully on his breast, or placed for convenience into a fold of his coat. How much more sensible, how much more ornamental, how much more noble, such a scarf or cravat as this, which no shopman's boy could emulate, than the cheap and ugly thing in which many a man still seems to delight! How admirably did these bands of rich lace contrast with the silken coats or the polished cuirasses of their wearers! how truly aristocratic was their appearance! how entirely without effort, without pretension, and yet how very distinctive of the type of their wearer! But you will say, if we fail in the matter of white cra-

vats, surely we excel in that of black-silk ones and brocaded stocks! We *might* excel, we allow; but we do not know how to wear these things. We ought either to limit ourselves to the smallest possible bow in front, or else we ought to let the square ends of the scarf be pendant and unconfined. Instead of this, we either put on a stock with a sham tie, (now all *sham* things, of what kind soever, militate against good taste,) or else, to make the most of our scarf, we fill up the aperture of the waistcoat with an ambitious quantity of drapery, and we stick therein an enormous and obtrusively ostentatious pin. This is both vulgar and foolish. If we want a stock, it should be *perfectly plain—à la militaire*; for it is, in truth, an article of military attire, worn for the express purpose of giving stiffness and smartness to the figure. If we want a scarf, do not let us misconceive the nature of its form, the law of its curves, and huddle it up into an untidy, unmeaning mass, fit for nothing but to serve as a field of display for what is commonly cheap and bad jewellery. We may be wrong, but we strongly suspect that the tie-stock and the large silk scarf were brought into use by some dirty fellow, whose lineins would not stand the test of public examination; and, indeed, whenever we see a man more than usually adorned in this way about the neck, we conjecture that all is not right beneath. A small black or judiciously colored cravat, with a very small bow, and just sufficient stiffness to give dignity to the head—this should be the morning wear of the real gentleman; in the evening, let him put on the finest fabric of the flax-loom, and the most expensive lace he can afford to purchase—they will be very becoming, and will be duly appreciated by the ladies, who know the cost of such things; all silks and stocks let him leave to men-milliners.

Which side are we to take in the collar question—ups, or downs, or none at all? We confess ourselves to be practically in a dilemma; although, æsthetically speaking—and, indeed, from motives of comfort—we have no hesitation in saying, turn down your collars; they never were meant to be turned up. But it is now become so much of a French and English affair, that we shall be suspected of want of patriotism if we do not say, keep up your collars, and uphold the national dignity! As for the no-collar view of the subject, much may be said for and against it: it depends a good deal on your complexion, reader, and also on the color of your cravat. If you have got on your cambric and your lace, you need no further contrast for your physiognomical tint; but if you are wearing a black kerchief, and you are of a billious brown and yellow hue, pray let us see half an inch, at least, of white beneath the lower jaw-bone. This point of contrast is the real reason why the collar should, as a matter of taste, be allowed to lie down on the cravat. It produces greater effect—it looks cleaner—it is certainly more comfortable.—If the majority of free-born Englishmen shall ever so far surmount their prejudices as to take a hint from France, (for 't is an invention of *la jeune France*,) we will walk over from our side of the house, and, in face of the nation and our constituents, will join them.

Collars are connected with wristbands just as the two ends of the electric telegraph are by the communicating wires, and the satisfactory intelligence disclosed by the one, that the wearer is a good friend to his laundress is, or should be, simultaneously repeated by the other. Believe us,

reader, there is no more distinctive mark of a correct man than a snowy-white wristband, *always* to be visible. Here again we must establish another æsthetical rule of proportion, viz., collars are to wristbands as laced cravats are to ruffles; and therefore, if you decide upon taking our advice and indulging in Brussels lace while you sip your claret, you must also buy lace enough to adorn your wrists, and you will not repent of the expense or the effect. It is, in truth, a pretty and a graceful fashion, which, for evening dress, should entirely be re-introduced, and we anticipate that the ladies would be unanimous in their approbation.

A few more words on odds and ends of dress, and we have done with civil costume. Always keep yourself well supplied with gloves; wear them neither of a blue, nor yet of a green, nor even of a red color: any other kind of tint you may, under various circumstances, indulge in. Always use white, and the finest cambric, pocket-handkerchiefs: you can thus neither take snuff, nor avoid using a considerable number; do not regret the expense—the ladies will reward you with their approbation, and you cannot be mistaken for an American. Whether you be male or female, gentle reader, do not wear much jewellery—beware of being taken for one of the swell-mob and the doubtfuls; but if you are a lady, and wish for jewellery in the evening, choose between pearls and diamonds; better have a few of these, and good than whole caskets of topazes and amethysts. If you are a gentleman, wear only two rings—one for your lady-love, the other for your armorial bearings—if you have a gold chain to your watch, keep it, but the less you show of it the better. Avoid a foolish custom now springing up, of fastening the coat with a couple of supplementary buttons, attached by a metallic link. This is a trick of some scoundrel tailor, who sent home a coat too small for the wearer, and thus persuaded him (he must have been an ass) to tie two buttons together, and so make both ends meet. It will do very well for a commercial gent, but not for a gentleman. We need hardly say, be not fine on a Sunday: dress plainer than usual, if you would maintain your dignity; and be not ashamed of an old coat—only let it be clean, *portez-le bien, soyez bien chaussé, bien ganté, bien coiffé, et vous n'aurez jamais l'air d'un bourgeois*. Above all things, whether you be man, woman, or child, remember, that the more you approximate to uniformity of color for the whole of your dress, the better. Whether you prefer white to black, blue to green, or brown to red, no matter. Stick to the law of æsthetic unity—retain natural and undisguised contour, breadth and mellowness of color, ease and dignity of movement, and you will approximate to perfection.

GOLD DETERGENT.—Under this title a liquid has been manufactured by Mr. Upton, which is intended to restore tarnished gold work to its original color and beauty. We have procured a bottle, and tested its efficacy upon a picture-frame, discolored with the accumulated dirt of nearly a score of years. A single application of the detergent, according to the directions appended thereto, sufficed to bring back the gilding, both matted and burnished to a state of lustre, in a manner very surprising; it is perfectly innocuous in its qualities, and emits no unpleasant smell.—*Art Union*.

From the Art-Union.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

IN accordance with an announcement in our last number, we give, in brief, the substance of a lecture delivered on Anastatic Printing, by M. Faraday, Esq., F.R.S., at the Royal Institution. The process has created a deep interest, considered as well as a prospective source of solid benefit as a beautiful result of practical science, appreciable by every degree of understanding. The theatre of the Royal Institution has not recently held so numerous an audience as upon this occasion; so crowded, indeed, were the benches that several gentlemen sought seats in the ladies' gallery. Behind the lecturing table were exhibited many examples of Anastatic Printing—engravings and letterpress. The distinguished lecturer commenced by saying that he spoke with more confidence respecting the discoveries of others than on the subject of his own. No one could foresee the various utilities to which the process might be applied; it was only for him first to explain the causes of such a result; the operation would also be shown: and this was the great purpose of the lecture. Twenty minutes only were necessary to transfer a print or letterpress to a plate, from which then immediately impressions might be drawn. A portrait of Prince Albert was here shown—the original drawing, the plate to which it had been transferred, and the impression printed from the plate. The plate was of zinc, as a metal most suitable for the purpose, although other metals could also be employed. The lecturer showed that letterpress laid upon white paper, and rubbed at the back, left the letters imprinted in reverse; in such manner were letterpress and engravings transferred to the zinc, but, before being submitted to pressure, the print or page was subjected to the action of an acid. He selected a page of letterpress, which he handed to the operator, who, in twenty minutes, would prepare from it a plate whence proofs should be immediately drawn. The acid employed was dilute nitric acid, which, being applied to the back of the letterpress, passed through the paper, but not through the printer's ink; and in order to absorb superfluous moisture, common blotting-paper was used. The acidified sheet was then placed upon the zinc plate, and passed once under a small hand-press, when on the removal of the paper the printing was found transferred in reverse to the plate, which now presented a dull appearance, the polish having been destroyed by the acid, which so readily attacks zinc; that is to say, in this case, as much of the surface as was exposed to its action, for the space covered by the printed letters was protected from it; the letters thus transferred were left consequently very slightly in relief—indeed, so slightly that this effect was imperceptible. The plate was then rubbed with gum in solution, which did not, as might be apprehended, obliterate the letterpress, but, on the contrary, strengthened the whole. The next proceeding was the application of ink by rubbing in the same manner; the result of which was that this ink attached itself to the film already deposited on the zinc by the pressure of the roller. The plate is then washed over with phosphatic acid, which has an especial effect on the whole. This acid is procured by putting a piece of phosphorus into a vial, partially open, with as much water as will nearly cover it. The printing surface was then ready for the press; it

was inked by a common leather roller in the ordinary way, and with as much rapidity; and impressions were produced within the time proposed for the whole process—twenty minutes. It is to be observed, that the first impressions are not the best; but the perfection of the invention soon becomes obvious, and justly merits the epithet—*anastatic*, or *reproductive*.

Mr. Faraday explained the principle of the process by stating that between oil and oil, or water and water, a strong attraction existed, as had been particularly shown by Professor Henry, of America, who had devoted much attention to the investigation of this fact. If oil be put between two weights, such is their degree of cohesion that they cannot be separated without the exertion of great force. A similar sympathy exists between water and water; but mutual repulsion is the effect of the contact of water and oil, and this antipathy was shown by means of some water colored with indigo, which was poured into a glass with a small quantity of oil. If, therefore, to the plate be given an oily possession, water will not flow; if, on the other hand, water prevail on the surface, oil is in turn rejected. Now printer's ink being an oily composition, the affinity of oil to oil is shown by the adhesion of the fresh ink on the roller to the thin film first deposited on the plate, while it is rejected by the rest of the surface under the influence of water; and so incorruptible is the particular virtue of each that their powers are unimpaired even by being rubbed with gum, and subsequently with phosphatic acid.

The lecturer showed that water will not flow on metal, but that metallic substances may be immediately wetted by oil. Metals have a tendency to reject water, but they will receive oily bodies. The power of gum is extraordinary in reconciling the metal with the water: by means of a little gum, and the subsequent application of phosphatic acid, a watery possession is effectually established in those parts where the rejection of the ink is necessary.

In order more perfectly to show the consistency of these powers, Mr. Faraday caused the operator to obliterate the whole of the reversed letters from the plate, which being done, it was shown without the slightest trace of ink being visible on the surface. The effect, however, of the preparation was by no means destroyed by this obliteration, for a very short time served to restore the whole of the letters with the same degree of accuracy as before. This obliteration was necessary in the course of printing, for, when many hundreds of impressions had been yielded, the surface might become soiled, when the letters would lose their precision of outline; on the appearance of which the whole was cleared off, and in a few minutes restored with a nicety equal to that of the original typography.

The printing from which the plate had been prepared was of recent date; but the age of the typography presented no obstacle to the success of the operation, since to transfer letterpress, printed say a hundred years ago, perhaps the principal difference in the treatment might be to subject it for a longer time to the action of the nitric acid.

The lecture, together with the printing operations, was concluded in an hour; and the audience manifested the deepest interest in Mr. Faraday's explanations of the principle of the invention. We have already described the apparatus employed in the process; the roller press employed is fitted only for experiments of limited extent, and being

therefore on so small a scale, stood near the lecture table without inconvenience.

In our former notice of this interesting process it was stated that the proprietors projected the establishment of a steam-press, in order to work it on an extensive scale. The steam-press has not yet been set up, although the invention is already applied to other departments of printing. Patents have been secured, as well in France, Belgium, and America, as in this country; and, in order to apply the invention to the extent of its capabilities, the proprietors are engaged in the formation of a company, the number of the members of which is not yet accomplished, and, until this is effected, extensive operations will not, we believe, be commenced. So satisfactory, however, are the results already shown, that they will not be much longer delayed.

The evidence of Mr. Faraday in favor of the principle is an important step; but until the question as to the capability of working the process by steam has been finally settled, it would be manifestly unsafe to augur its entire success. Even in its present state, much advantage may be derived from the valuable discovery. There can be no doubt, however, of its undergoing very considerable improvement. When it approaches perfection we shall supply our readers with other examples.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PALIMPSEST.

You know perhaps, masculine reader, better than I can tell you, what is a *palimpsest*. Possibly you have one in your own library. But yet, for the sake of others who may *not* know, or may have forgotten, suffer me to explain it here: lest any female reader, who honors these papers with her notice, should tax me with explaining it once too seldom; which would be worse to bear than a simultaneous complaint from twelve proud men, that I had explained it three times too often. You therefore, fair reader, understand that for *your* accommodation exclusively, I explain the meaning of this word. It is Greek; and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsel to yours, in all questions of Greek. We are, under favor, perpetual and hereditary dragomans to you. So that if, by accident, you know the meaning of a Greek word, yet by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in that matter, you will always seem *not* to know it.

A palimpsest, then, is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions.

What was the reason that the Greeks and the Romans had not the advantage of printed books? The answer will be, from ninety-nine persons in a hundred—Because the mystery of printing was not then discovered. But this is altogether a mistake. The secret of printing must have been discovered many thousands of times before it was used, or *could* be used. The inventive powers of

* We may take this opportunity of observing, in reference to that still more singular discovery which we announced in the beginning of the year, i. e. the process by which a line engraving was correctly copied in a few days, there has been no marked advancement, we believe, up to the present time. That process, however, is progressing; and with some future—perhaps not distant—number of the Art-Union we may supply an example much nearer perfection than the one we gave in January last. We continue to retain full conviction as to the integrity and the practicability of the principle.

man are divine; and also his stupidity is divine—as Cowper so playfully illustrates in the slow development of the *sofa* through successive generations of immortal dulness. It took centuries of blockheads to raise a joint stool into a chair; and it required something like a miracle of genius, in the estimate of elder generations, to reveal the possibility of lengthening a chair into a *chaise-longue*, or a sofa. Yes, these were inventions that cost mighty throes of intellectual power. But still, as respects printing, and admirable as is the stupidity of man, it was really not quite equal to the task of evading an object which stared him in the face with so broad a gaze. It did not require an Athenian intellect to read the main secret of printing in many scores of processes which the ordinary uses of life were *daily* repeating. To say nothing of analogous artifices amongst various mechanic artisans, all that is essential in printing must have been known to every nation that struck coins and medals. Not, therefore, any want of a printing art—that is, of an art for multiplying impressions—but the want of a cheap material for *receiving* such impressions, was the obstacle to an introduction of printed books even as early as Pisistratus. The ancients *did* apply printing to records of silver and gold; to marble and many other substances cheaper than gold and silver, they did *not*, since each monument required a *separate* effort of inscription. Simply this defect it was of a cheap material for receiving impresses, which froze in its very foundations the early resources of printing.

Some twenty years ago, this view of the case was luminously expounded by Dr. Whately, the present archbishop of Dublin, and with the merit, I believe, of having first suggested it. Since then, this theory has received indirect confirmation. Now, out of that original scarcity affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern, grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment or of vellum had done its office, by propagating through a series of generations what once had possessed an interest for *them*, but which, under changes of opinion or of taste, had faded to their feelings or had become obsolete for their understandings, the whole *membrana* or vellum skin, the twofold product of human skill, costly material, and costly freight of thought, which it carried, drooped in value concurrently—supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other. Once it had been the impress of a human mind which stamped its value upon the vellum; the vellum, though costly, had contributed but a secondary element of value to the total result. At length, however, this relation between the vehicle and its freight has gradually been undermined. The vellum, from having been the setting of the jewel, has risen at length to be the jewel itself; and the burden of thought, from having given the chief value to the vellum, has now become the chief obstacle to its value; nay, has totally extinguished its value, unless it can be dissociated from the connexion. Yet, if this unlinking *can* be effected, then—fast as the inscription upon the membrane is sinking into rubbish—the membrane itself is reviving in its separate importance; and, from bearing a ministerial value, the vellum has come at last to absorb the whole value.

Hence the importance for our ancestors that the separation *should* be effected. Hence it arose in

the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll, and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts. The soil, if cleansed from what once had been hot-house plants, but now were held to be weeds, would be ready to receive a fresh and more appropriate crop. In that object the monkish chemists succeeded; but after a fashion which seems almost incredible; incredible not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved; so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period, and to the revisionary interests of our own. They did the thing; but not so radically as to prevent us, their posterity, from undoing it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript, and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. Could magic, could Hermes Trismegistus, have done more? What would you think, fair reader, of a problem such as this—to write a book which should be sense for your own generation, nonsense for the next, should revive into sense for the next after that, but again become nonsense for the fourth; and so on by alternate successions, sinking into night or blazing into day, like the Sicilian river Arethusa, and the English river Mole—or like the undulating motions of a flattened stone which children cause to skim the breast of a river, now diving below the water, now grazing its surface, sinking heavily into darkness, rising buoyantly into light, through a long vista of alternations? Such a problem, you say, is impossible. But really it is a problem not harder apparently than—to bid a generation kill, but so that a subsequent generation may call back into life; bury, but so that posterity may command to rise again. Yet *that* was what the rude chemistry of past ages effected when coming into combination with the reaction from the more refined chemistry of our own. Had *they* been better chemists, had *we* been worse—the mixed result, viz., that, dying for *them*, the flower should revive for *us*, could not have been effected. They did the thing proposed to them: they did it effectually; for they founded upon it all that was wanted: and yet ineffectually, since we unravelled their work; effacing all above which they had super-scribed; restoring all below which they had effaced.

Here, for instance, is a parchment which contained some Grecian tragedy, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or the Phœnissæ of Euripides. This had possessed a value almost inappreciable in the eyes of accomplished scholars, continually growing rarer through generations. But four centuries are gone by since the destruction of the Western Empire. Christianity, with towering grandeurs of another class, has founded a different empire; and some bigotted yet perhaps holy monk has washed away (as he persuades himself) the heathen's tragedy, replacing it with a monastic legend; which legend is disfigured with fables in its incidents, and yet, in a higher sense, is true, because interwoven with Christian morals and with the sublimest of Christian revelations. Three, four, five, centuries more find man still devout as ever; but the language has become obsolete, and even for Christian devotion a new era has arisen, throwing it into the channel of crusading zeal or of chivalrous enthusiasm. The *membrana* is wanted now for a knightly romance—for "my

Cid," or Cœur de Lion; for Sir Tristrem, or Lybæus Disconus. In this way, by means of the imperfect chemistry known to the mediæval period, the same roll has served as a conservatory for three separate generations of flowers and fruits, all perfectly different, and yet all specially adapted to the wants of the successive possessors. The Greek tragedy, the monkish legend, the knightly romance, each has ruled its own period. One harvest after another has been gathered into the garner of man through ages far apart. And the same hydraulic machinery has distributed, through the same marble fountains, water, milk, or wine, according to the habits and training of the generations that came to quench their thirst.

Such were the achievements of rude monastic chemistry. But the more elaborate chemistry of our own days has reversed all these motions of our simple ancestors, with results in every stage that to *them* would have realized the most fantastic amongst the promises of thaumaturgy. Insolent vaunt of Paracelsus, that he would restore the original rose or violet out of the ashes settling from its combustion—that is now rivalled in this modern achievement. The traces of each successive handwriting, regularly effaced, as had been imagined, have, in the inverse order, been regularly called back: the footsteps of the game pursued, wolf or stag, in each several chase, have been unlinked, and hunted back through all their doubles; and, as the chorus of the Athenian stage unwove through the antistrophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe, so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exorcised* from the accumulated shadows of centuries. Chemistry, a witch as potent as the Erichio of Lucan, (*Pharsalia*, lib. vi. or vii.,) has extorted by her torments, from the dust and ashes of forgotten centuries, the secrets of a life extinct for the general eye, but still glowing in the embers. Even the fable of the Phœnix—that secular bird, who propagated his solitary existence, and his solitary births, along the line of centuries, through eternal relays of funeral mists—is but a type of what we have done with Palimpsests. We have backed upon each Phœnix in the long *regressus*, and forced him to expose his ancestral Phœnix, sleeping in the ashes below his own ashes. Our good old forefathers would have been aghast at our sorceries; and, if they speculated on the propriety of burning Dr. Faustus, *us* they would have burned by acclamation. Trial there would have been none; and they could no otherwise have satisfied their horror of the brazen profligacy marking our modern magic, than by ploughing up the houses of all who had been parties to it, and sowing the ground with salt.

Fancy not, reader, that this tumult of images, illustrative or allusive, moves under any impulse or purpose of mirth. It is but the coruscation of a restless understanding, often made ten times more so by irritation of the nerves, such as you will first learn to comprehend (its *how* and its *why*) some stage or two ahead. The image, the memorial, the record, which for me is derived from a palimpsest, as to one great fact in our human being, and which immediately I will show you, is

* Some readers may be apt to suppose, from all English experience, that the word *exorcise* means properly banishment to the shades. Not so. Citation *from* the shades, or sometimes the torturing coercion of mystic adjurations, is more truly the primary sense.

but too repellent of laughter; or, even if laughter had been possible, it would have been such laughter as oftentimes is thrown off from the fields of ocean*—laughter that hides, or that seems to evade mustering tumult; foam-bells that weave garlands of phosphoric radiance for one moment round the eddies of gleaming abysses; mimicries of earth-born flowers that for the eye raise phantoms of gaiety, as oftentimes for the ear they raise echoes of fugitive laughter, mixing with the ravings and choir-voices of an angry sea.

What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain? Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, O reader! is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet in reality not one has been extinguished. And if, in the vellum palimpsest, lying amongst the other *diplomata* of human archives or libraries, there is anything fantastic or which moves to laughter, as oftentimes there is in the grotesque collisions of those successive themes, having no natural connexion, which by pure accident have consecutively occupied the roll, yet, in our own heaven-created palimpsest, the deep memorial palimpsest of the brain, there are not and cannot be such incoherencies. The fleeting accidents of a man's life, and its external shows, may indeed be irrelate and incongruous; but the organizing principles which fuse into harmony, and gather about fixed predetermined centres, whatever heterogeneous elements life may have accumulated from without, will not permit the grandeur of human unity greatly to be violated, or its ultimate repose to be troubled in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions.

Such a convulsion is the struggle of gradual suffocation, as in drowning; and, in the original Opium Confessions, I mentioned a case of that nature communicated to me by a lady from her own childish experience. The lady is still living, though now of unusually great age; and I may mention, that amongst her faults never was numbered any levity of principle, or carelessness of the most scrupulous veracity; but, on the contrary, such faults as arise from austerity, too harsh perhaps, and gloomy—indulgent neither to others nor herself. And, at the time of relating this incident, when already very old, she had become religious to asceticism. According to my present belief, she had completed her ninth year, when playing by the side of a solitary brook, she fell into one of its deepest pools. Eventually, but after what lapse of time nobody ever knew, she was saved from death by a farmer, who, riding in some distant lane, had seen her rise to the surface; but not until she had descended within the abyss of death, and looked into its secrets, as far, perhaps, as ever human eye *can* have looked that had permission to return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her—phosphoric radiance sprang forth from her eyeballs; and immediately a mighty theatre expanded within her brain. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,

* "*Laughter from the fields of ocean.*"—Many readers will recall, though at the moment of writing my own thoughts did *not* recall, the well-known passage in the Prometheus—

— ὠνίστων τε κυμάτων
Ἄνθηθμον ἡλασµα.

"Oh multitudinous laughter of the ocean billows!" It is not clear whether *Æschylus* contemplated the laughter as addressing the ear or the eye.

every act—every design of her past life lived again—arraying themselves not as a succession, but as parts of a coëxistence. Such a light fell upon the whole path of her life backwards into the shades of infancy, as the light perhaps which wrapt the destined apostle on his road to Damascus. Yet that light blinded for a season; but hers poured celestial vision upon the brain, so that her consciousness became omnipresent at one moment to every feature in the infinite review.

This anecdote was treated skeptically at the time by some critics. But besides that it has since been confirmed by other experiences essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances who had never heard of each other; the true point for astonishment is not the *simultaneity* of arrangement under which the past events of life—though in fact successive—had formed their dread line of revelation. This was but a secondary phenomenon; the deeper lay in the resurrection itself, and the possibility of resurrection, for what had so long slept in the dust. A pall, deep as oblivion, had been thrown by life over every trace of these experiences; and yet suddenly, at a silent command, at the signal of a blazing rocket sent up from the brain, the pall draws up, and the whole depths of the theatre are exposed. Here was the greater mystery: now this mystery is liable to no doubt; for it is repeated, and ten thousand times repeated by opium, for those who are its martyrs.

Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious hand-writings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves successively upon the palimpsest of your brain; and, like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the searchings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead, but sleeping. In the illustration imagined by myself, from the case of some individual palimpsest, the Grecian tragedy had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the monkish legend; and the monkish legend had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the knightly romance. In some potent convulsion of the system, all wheels back into its earliest elementary stage. The bewildering romance, light tarnished with darkness, the semi-fabulous legend, truth celestial mixed with human falsehoods, these fade even of themselves as life advances. The romance has perished that the young man adored. The legend has gone that deluded the boy. But the deep deep tragedies of infancy, as when the child's hands were unlinked forever from his mother's neck, or his lips forever from his sister's kisses, these remain lurking below all, and these lurk to the last. Alchemy there is none of passion or disease that can scorch away these immortal impresses.

LITHOTINT BY GEORGE CATTERMOLLE.—It is with exceeding pleasure we report that the complete practicability of the art of "lithotint" is now placed beyond question. It has been hitherto envied with difficulties, exaggerated by incompetency, timidity, or caprice; and there has been a pretty general report that its "uncertainty" amounted to failure. Mr. Cattermole came to the rescue in good time; he has produced a series of ten large works, and has encountered no difficulty worthy of note.—*Art Union*.

From the Spectator.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM OR GENERAL ENDOWMENT.

CERTAIN Ultra High Churchmen in both houses of parliament have declared, that they would prefer an universal voluntary system—the putting away of all establishments—to the endowing of two or three religions. Such expressions are probably intended by the speakers as mere figures of rhetoric: with them, to declare a preference for voluntarism, is nothing more than a striking assertion of the impossibility of their approving general endowment. Educated in seminaries under the control of their church—mingling in no society but that of churchmen, more or less exclusive—to them the doctrines of dissent are mere abstract speculations. They cannot imagine that there are numerous and active bodies of men to whom ideas so inconsistent with their own habitual notions are animating and directing principles of action.

Nothing short of this blindness can account for the appeals addressed by men like Sir Robert Harry Inglis and the Bishop of Cashel to the sympathies of the dissenters. The dissenters have willingly joined in the outcry against the additional grant to Maynooth College; but, to do them justice, they have not concealed their ulterior objects. They frankly tell their allies, that they object to the Maynooth Endowment Bill not as an isolated measure but as an extension of the principle of religious endowment; they “record their solemn protest against the Protestant Church Establishment already existing in these realms.” Ignorant of the numbers, zeal, and energy of the men who make this declaration, the ultra high churchmen flatter themselves that they can make tools of such “fanatics,” and discard them when their purpose is served. Yet the protest is recorded by the very parties whose perfect organization, no further gone than last session, in an incredibly short space of time inundated the House of Commons with petitions so numerous and so numerously signed as to force the government to withdraw its educational measure. Between the zealous voluntaries on the one hand and the advocates of general endowment on the other, the Bishop of Cashel may be called to make his election earlier than he has any idea.

It is not improbable that the legislature may be called upon to solve practically the problem of Church Establishments before the full extent and various bearings of the question are distinctly understood. When the moment for decision arrives, some of the most sincere and zealous voluntaries may shrink from the practical enforcement of their own abstract principles. They tell us that a Christian minister ought to depend for his support exclusively upon the voluntary contributions of his own flock. In Scotland—where the voluntary principle has made most progress, and is most clearly understood—an agreement is entered into between every new minister and his congregation, that the minister shall receive a certain annual salary; but of late the ministers have declined to accept of bonds to this effect from the congregations. This principle strikes at the root of private quite as much as of public endowments for religious purposes. A permanent endowment for the support of ministers professing a certain creed, by a private individual, is quite as likely to tempt clergymen to conform for motives of lucre,

and private individuals to join the congregation from motives of economy, as a permanent endowment from the state. And yet the parties who have struggled so pertinaciously in the courts of law to have certain trust-funds transferred from Unitarians to their own body, are not very likely to approve of the application of this principle in its extreme rigor. They have as much cause as the most unquestioning members of an established church to ask themselves what their principles really are, and to what practical conclusions they lead.

The question of state endowments—of an established church—is essentially a political question. The essentials of church organization are the exercise of discipline and the maintenance of pure doctrine by constitutional office-bearers. The Roman Catholic, the Anglo-Episcopal, the Presbyterian—all churches that have at any time accepted state support—have accepted it upon this understanding. The assertion of a right to state support by established churches has been more peremptorily asserted by some than by others; but the right of each church to be administered and legislated for in all spiritual matters, independently of the state, by its own constitutional office-bearers alone, has been alike asserted by all. The state is regarded by all churches as a more or less intimately allied but still as an alien authority.

The nature of the promise held out—of the obligation contracted by the state to an endowed or established church—will best appear from a review of the rise and progress of endowment. The most prominent distinctive feature between the Christian church and the hierarchical systems (with the exception of the Jewish) upon the ruins of which it rose, is the extent to which it combines instruction with the observance of devotional rites. The Christian ministers have from the beginning been teachers as well as a priesthood. The essential part of their instruction was a system of morals; but it is difficult to trace the limits of moral theory, and there are many subsidiary branches of instruction which facilitate moral instruction. In ancient Europe, as in the isles of the Pacific in our own day, the tuition of the Christian priesthood always embraced more topics than morals. And it was to this circumstance in France and England of old, as in the Sandwich Islands in the nineteenth century, that the Christian religion was indebted for the first endowments it received from governments. Kings and other chief magistrates—many of them imperfect converts or obstinate unbelievers—made liberal grants to Christian priests, sometimes because along with their peculiar creed they taught many things useful to all, sometimes because their practical morals improved society, be their doctrines true or false. The same governments which gave liberally to the church protected it in the possession of the gifts of private benefactors. At first the state gave and the church accepted endowments, the former without professing to be disciples, because they thought the priesthood a useful and respectable body; the latter because it recognized in the liberality of unbelievers the influence of Heaven to provide for the maintenance of its own ministers.

When Christianity came to be, as the superstitions it displaced had been, believed by multitudes, simply because it was the only religion of which they had ever heard, and because they had heard its precepts from childhood—and still more, when the progress of industry, wealth, and knowledge,

had raised the *peoples* to a sense of their own consequence—the position of the church was altered: it was no longer protected by the government, but upheld by the nation. It had ceased to be a missionary and had become a really established church. Its business was now less to instruct than to minister to spiritual wants, which its earlier missionary labors had created. The field of knowledge had been parcelled out among its cultivators, as it became too extensive to be comprehended in all its details by any one mind. Secular knowledge and secular teachers had grown up. The priesthood were more restricted to religious instruction, and that instruction was now instilled in childhood instead of being addressed to adults. The time of the priesthood was engrossed by their ministerial duties: they were called upon to initiate the young into the body of the faithful, to be ever at hand as counsellors and friendly guides of the grown-up, and to smooth by their exhortations and encouragements the bed of death. As at first the clergy were supported by enlightened governments against brutish races who rejected their purer morals, so now the clergy were supported by the people, to whom they had become indispensable, when needy or arbitrary governments sought to lay hands on their property or exact dishonorable services from them. The growth of that independent spirit which the acquisition of property by private individuals calls into existence, and the progress of knowledge, created a desire for more precise and definite information in religion, as in everything else. Men inquired more narrowly, attempted to form more definite ideas, and consequently opinions became more diversified and multifarious. And at the very time that this process was going on, the comparative restriction of the priesthood to mere ministerial duties had left them beyond the general intelligence of their age. The great Reformation, or the great Schism, was the consequence. Relaxation of discipline had much to do with it, but dogmatical differences still more. Each section into which the church was divided sought to strengthen itself by drawing up a definite and comprehensive profession of faith. Even the representative of the old united church—the Church of Rome—was obliged for the first time to promulgate such a body of doctrine in the articles adopted by the Council of Trent. There was no spirit of mutual concession or toleration in any of the multifarious churches. They have been brought to endure each other merely by the conviction that they must. The strength of each has consisted in its falling heir to a portion of that support from public opinion which had previously upheld the undivided church against attacks from kings and princes. Some governments were friendly to the new sects, some adhered to the old, but the maintenance of all has depended upon the hold they had taken on the popular mind. In almost every instance, the governments of Europe have been obliged to recognize that church to which the majority of the people adhered. The churches of minorities, in almost every case where they have asserted their right to toleration, have owed their success to the assistance of foreign churches. Three hundred years have rather augmented than diminished the number of Christian sects and the sharpness of the distinctions between them. The experience of three hundred years has taught us that the schism in the church is not to be healed by human means or in the ordinary course of events.

What, in this posture of affairs, is the duty of states in respect to churches? Of the mixed motives which first insured to the church the countenance and liberal donations of government, one has ceased to exist: the secular instruction, to obtain which at the hands of a missionary priesthood has always been a main object with the governments of rude nations, is now provided for by other institutions. The indirect use of a church to a state arises in modern times from the beneficial influence exerted by its priesthood in the discharge of their ministerial duties. Every European government must of necessity stand to a greater or less number of its subjects and their clergy in a relation pretty similar to that in which unconverted governments in old times stood to their Christian subjects and priesthood. Apart altogether from the question of the abstract right of government to take upon itself the missionary office, experience has shown that government cannot. It is out of the power of any government to create an universal national church. If it is to patronize the church as a useful moral engine, it must patronize all sects alike. But to this the sectarian spirit of the age seems adverse. Even those sects which have no objection to receive endowments from the state, claim them as due to the soundness of their doctrine, and repudiate the extension of the principle of endowment to other sects. As long as government persists in endowing any sect or sects, all the rest seem resolute to make this a pretext for converting the legislature into an ecclesiastical council. The legislature cannot settle religious controversies, (any more than any church council has ever been able to settle them,) and the time wasted in the fruitless attempt is withdrawn from business which it is competent to discharge. To judge from the present aspect and attitude of our various sects, the time seems rapidly approaching when the state will of necessity abandon the attempt to patronize any form of religion; when government will be driven to declare—"It is impossible to adjust your discordant claims. The zeal which animates you is a guarantee that each sect will make adequate provision for a succession of office-bearers. This is all that the state could do; and therefore every church must in future be left to take care of itself, and every man's religion considered, as between him and the state, a matter of mere private concern." This is the conclusion to which irreconcilable differences of opinion appear to be hurrying us. Even they who without being wedded to any sectarian opinion would have the state patronize religion in the abstract, too often add to the difficulty by recommending for this patronage a system of doctrines selected from or compounded of all the jarring creeds already in existence.

From the Spectator.

MR. RUSH'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON.

THIS continuation of Mr. Rush's journal of private remarks and public business during his residence at the Court of London, appears to be a species of contribution towards peace and goodwill; with no indisposition perhaps to bring himself forward as an original negotiator upon the Oregon question, in this time of demand for diplomatists. With the exception of a chasm of about two years, (1821-23,) the period of the memorandums extends from 1819 to 1825, when

the embassy of Mr. Rush closed. The work consists, as heretofore, of an intermixture of anecdote and conversation, with accounts of official interviews and copies of diplomatic papers. The predominance of some of these would seem to indicate that the publication is chiefly intended for an American public; with whom such formal affairs as letters of congratulation, cards of invitation, and directions from the master of the ceremonies, may have the attraction which London fashions possessed for country ladies some hundred years ago. The long reports and protocols respecting negotiations that excited but little attention in England, may have a more real and solid interest in the States. The only English topic of present importance is the discussions on the Oregon question: but the claim of a *natural* right to navigate the St. Lawrence is curious for its coolness; as a proposal to abolish privateering and private war on the ocean (that is, the capture of merchantships) is, abstractedly speaking, creditable to its authors; although America by the latter compact would get more than she gave by the former. The commerce of America is her assailable point. It was a 'cute notion of Jonathan to exempt this by treaty from all attack. How he would have chuckled had John Bull consented to free America from all dread of blockade or loss upon the ocean!*

What may be called the social and personal narrative—the descriptions of dinners, parties, great men, and their discourse—may want some of the freshness that distinguished the first series; but it is still interesting from the nature of the subject, and often from the character of the speakers or the nature of their remarks. There is something of historical interest about some of the topics—as Queen Caroline's trial. The quiet, equable, and unaffected style, too, may challenge praise; though it is devoid of force or grace, and not without its weaknesses. To many, the book and even the duller parts of it will have a more practical interest, as being a pretty clear account of the manner in which diplomatic business is carried on, and the way in which the corps diplomatique try to pick up information, or more properly reports, in society. Readers with a critical turn may find a further attraction in the indication it offers of the American character. Mr. Rush himself appears to be an able, industrious, clearheaded man of business, and a very worthy, unaffected individual, quite removed from Yankee coarseness or Transatlantic inflation. But the want of *tone* in his book is remarkable; especially if it be contrasted with the *Malmesbury Correspondence*, or some other late publications of much less value and finish, but emanating from English gentlemen. There seems, in fact, a want of good taste. The shows of things—

“the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate,”

are often dwelt upon as it were for their intrinsic qualities, not as illustrations of ancestral accumu-

* We are surprised at the injustice of the Spectator. Can there be a new editor? The readers of the Living Age may remember articles from that able work denouncing privateering as piracy, and calling for summary vengeance upon all who should engage in it hereafter. Has the Spectator forgotten this? or does it mean that although private persons may not be active in war, they shall be subject to the warfare of others? This would be too one-sided.

lation or modern wealth, or for the purpose of critical remark. There is nothing of the tuft-hunter in Mr. Rush the individual, but there seems a national grain of it in the American envoy, such as the before-quoted moral satirist indicates in his couplet—

“Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze!”

But the principle of American diplomacy is the most remarkable deduction to be drawn from the volume, and this may be characterized as an unscrupulous and Jacobinical selfishness, pursued without regard to truth or the rights of others. However bad or base a gentleman may be, the spirit of chivalry, and the habits of courtesy enforced through many ages by the conflicting claims of various orders, have given rise to a certain high tone of feeling, which prevents him from encroaching upon another's rights or possessing himself of what others have as much title to as himself, at all events without some pressure of an overwhelming necessity. The same feeling more or less pervades the mass of society: but, to illustrate our meaning by a common instance, there are persons who will “poke their noses” into people's houses without a shadow of claim for being there, or persist in inconveniencing others in public places by monopolizing more than their share of the common right. This may arise from ignorance or brutality; but a selfish calculation is probably at the bottom. If properly repelled at once, they lose nothing, according to their estimate of loss; and if a common but mistaken delicacy, or an unwillingness to contend, lets them retain anything, it is all clear gain. Such is American diplomacy. In the volume before us, Mr. Rush was instructed to open a negotiation upon various matters, and claim a right to navigate the St. Lawrence—a claim totally new, and at once denied by the British government: but, instead of closing the discussion and bowing the ambassador out, we began to argue. The Oregon question was not quite so barefaced, but there was as much of art and unscrupulous advantage-taking. Canning, at the time of the French invasion of Spain to rescue Ferdinand the Seventh from the Cortes, suspected that an intrigue was on foot to establish a French kingdom in South America, under the protection of the Holy Alliance. To meet this, he applied to Rush, with a view of England and America joining in a declaration of principles; one of which was, that “they could not see the transfer of them [the Spanish colonies] to any other power with indifference.” Rush had no orders; but he offered to join on his own responsibility, if Canning in return would recognize the new states. The scheme of France, however, went off: what orders (if any) the government of Washington sent to Rush, do not appear; but what they did was to take this advantage of a confidential communication. In the next presidential message it was announced—

“Whilst alluding to discussions between the United States and Russia, then commenced with a view to arranging the respective claims of the two nations on the north-west coast of America, the president also declared, that ‘the occasion had been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interest of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which

they had assumed and maintained, were henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

This cool claim to the whole of the two continents was one main reason for then negotiating the Oregon question; which Canning formally opened when in bed with a fit of the gout, though Huskisson and Stratford Canning were the two negotiators. What Canning thought of the papers left with him, may be inferred from Mr. Rush's account. Any one but an American would, amid his pleasantry, have seen Canning's estimation of the thing, and said nothing about it—

"Yesterday, before night came on, Mr. Canning's servant brought me a private note. It was familiarly written; telling me that he remained as when I saw him; but that, when I had left him, he naturally looked at my memorandum; and when he did look at it, how could he help exclaiming, 'What is here! Do I read Mr. Rush aright!'

"The United States will agree to make no settlement north of 51, on Great Britain agreeing to make none south of that line."

"So far all is clear," continues Mr. Canning in his note: "the point of contact is touched, and consequently the point of possible dispute between the United States and Great Britain. But the memorandum goes on—

"Or North of 55."

"What can this intend!" continues his note. "Our northern question is with Russia, as our southern with the United States. But do the United States mean to travel north to get between us and Russia? and do they mean to stipulate against Great Britain in favor of Russia; or reserve to themselves whatever Russia may not want?"

"The note ends with saying, that he had given me only his first thoughts, and hoped I would help him to clear the perplexity of them."

In reply to Mr. Rush's answer, our foreign secretary again wrote—

"Under this date, (the 18th,) I received a second familiar note from Mr. Canning, written from his bed; in which he says, that he would take my explanation, 'like the wise and wary Dutchman of old times, *ad referendum* and *ad considerandum*.'"

This playfulness was characteristic of Canning, but thrown away, if not misplaced. The tone and position of the British negotiators were also firm and decided. The error lay in admitting the preliminaries, or at least the St. Lawrence claim; for what was the result? An offer to negotiate this, to which the Americans had no more claim than Mr. Rush to a right of room in his neighbor's house, in return for the navigation of the Columbia, to which we had as good a right as they. As an impudent person who intrudes himself into a room, is shown the door as soon as his character is known, so no totally unfounded claim should ever be listened to in negotiation. Its discussion, or even a protest against it, gives it a footing: and after a time there is a semblance of precedent. Any risk from such a course must be run, but there is seldom much danger. Witness the present effects of Peel's and John Russell's speeches.

Enough of business diplomacy. Those who wish to pursue it further must have recourse to the volumes. We will draw our quotations from the social parts.

MACKINTOSH AND CANNING ON PARLIAMENTARY SPEAKING.

After dinner I had renewed conversations with Sir James Mackintosh. Alluding to the style of speaking in the house of commons, he characterized it by saying, that "the true light in which to consider it was *as animated conversation on public business*;" and he added, that it was "rare for any speech to succeed in that body which was raised on any other basis." He thought Mr. Brougham the first man in the house for various and universal information on political subjects; Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunkett, on the whole, the first orators. Mr. Canning, he said, excelled all the rest in language. * * * I converse with Mr. Canning on the speaking in the house of commons. I mention to him Sir James Mackintosh's remark: he accedes to it; says it is true as a general rule, that their speaking must take *conversation* as its basis, rather than anything studied or stately. The house was a business-doing body, and the speaking must conform to its character: it was jealous of ornament in debate, which, if it came at all, must come as without consciousness. There must be method also; but this should be felt in the effect rather than seen in the manner; no formal divisions, set exordiums or perorations, as the old rhetoricians taught, would do. First, and last, and everywhere, you must aim at reasoning; and if you could be eloquent, you might at any time, but not at an appointed time. To this effect he expressed himself, though I do injustice to his language. Foremost as a speaker in the house of commons for his day, perhaps in its most brilliant sphere of oratory, I listened with interest whilst such a master casually alluded to its rules.

A RUSY DIPLOMATIST.

August 19.—Go to St. Paul's, the present season allowing some few intervals for sight-seeing. One of the foreign ministers told me soon after my arrival, that he had been eight years in London without seeing the inside of Westminster Abbey; declaring that he had never been able to command the time for it, other engagements always stepping in with prior claims—if not of business, those of ceremony, which he was not at liberty to forego.

MR. RUSH BEHIND TIME AT LORD CASTLEREAGH'S COUNTRY-HOUSE.

An accident to my carriage obliged us to stop on the road; and the consequence was, that, although the speed of the horses was increased after repairing the accident, we arrived after our time. The fifteen minutes usually allowed at English dinners had far more than run out. As we drove up, we saw that the servants had all left the hall, and we feared that the company had gone to dinner. Entering the drawing-room, we found this not quite the case, but they were on the eve of going, and we had been waited for. As I advanced to Lord Castlereagh to make the explanation, he at once put all apology aside by saying, playfully, "Never mind: it is all as it should be: America being farthest off, you had a right to more time in coming!" This relieved us; and our associates of the corps, who were standing by, in anxious silence at our dilemma, all witnessed the ingenious excuse which the good breeding of our host suggested for our very late arrival.

WELLINGTON ON BATTLES.

General Moreau was spoken of, who fell at Dresden. I said that when he was in the United States, I had once passed an evening in his company; and that he spoke of his sensations of delight on gaining his first victory, saying that he then "felt on a level with his profession." The duke remarked, that were he to speak of his feelings when it had been his fortune to gain a battle, he would say that they had generally been painful; for there was grief for those who had fallen; and next, it imposed instantly the necessity of doing more, as no commander could remain quiet after victory; a larger view opened to him, often causing anxiety from the difficulties to be overcome for insuring further advantages. I said that it was a remark of Moreau's, made on the same occasion, that the fault with most commanders, however brave, was backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies were large; arising from deep moral anxiety, and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue. The duke said it was a just remark.

The Archduke Charles of Austria being spoken of, the duke repeated in effect what I had heard him say to my distinguished countryman General Harper, of Maryland, namely, that he probably had more military science than any of the generals of Europe contemporary with him. The conversation proceeding, the duke remarked, in this connexion, that a general might stand too much upon the rules of science while an engagement was going on: there could not be too much attention to them in all his arrangements beforehand, he said; but the battle once begun, "the main thing to think of was hard fighting."

SCOTCH SQUATTERS.

THE term "squatters" is very ambiguous. In America, it designates a ragged rascal without a cent in his pockets, and with a rifle or woodman's axe in his hand. In Australia, it designates a young Oxonian or retired officer of the army or navy, possessed of stock to the value of some thousands. In Scotland, it seems to designate a person very differently circumstanced from either of the preceding. Among other glens of the "far North" which have been *cleared*, is one that is called Glenculvie. Here, according to the account given by the people themselves, ninety tenants and cottagers with their families have been turned out of doors. A journal of the country denies that this is the case; because—"The truth is, that the district in question, namely, Glenculvie, was let to only four tenants; the other occupants of the glen *squatted* there as cottars under these tenants." This denying the existence of eighty-six out of ninety families, on the plea that only four of the ninety are leaseholders, almost equals in coolness the logic of Cooper's Negro—"Him no man, massa; him only tailor." In an Englishman it might have passed for ignorance, but it is difficult to imagine a Perthshire Scotchman unacquainted with the fact that in the North of Scotland the cottar is designated the "tenant" and the leasehold farmer the "tacksman." But it is with the novel use of the epithet "squatter" that we have to do. The Scotchmen who "squat under tenants" are men who have followed their fathers and grandfathers

for unknown generations in the occupancy of their huts and kail-yards. Their families are of older standing in the district than those of the tacksmen, or, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, of the lairds. The uninterrupted tenure of their dwellings—devolving from father to son—continued from year to year without a lease—is a practice which had its origin beyond "the memory of man." It is the custom of the country—the unwritten law of the Celts. The Scotch squatter is no clandestine intruder upon the soil: he stands in the place of his forefathers, and the act which ejects him is a violent innovation on the customs of the country—a forcible change in a mode of tenancy sanctioned by the "use and wont" of ages. The landlord has a right—due notice being previously given—to resume the occupancy of his own land, or transfer it to another tenant. Nay, it is for the advantage of the whole population that the old system should be changed. But some forbearance may be claimed for simple ignorant men called to venture on a new state of being. It is hard to give them an odious nickname because they do not see at once that what directly increases the landlord's rent will indirectly benefit themselves.—*Spectator*.

MACHINE FOR CARVING WOOD.—At a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, Mr. Billings read a "Description of the Carving Machine patented by Mr. S. Pratt, jun." This machine, invented by Mr. Irving for the preparation of materials for inlaying, has been adapted for carving by Mr. Pratt. In its principle it is a compound of the lathe, the drill, and the pentagraph. The material on which the tracery is to be carved is fixed on a table turning on a centre; the tool, acting in the manner of a centre-bit, is attached to an arm, also working on a centre, and is made to revolve with great velocity by means of a strap. Guided by a pattern of cast iron, the tool, by the double movement of the arm and the table, can be made to pass through any combination of curves, drilling out the material as it passes over it. The lines of the tracery are determined by the iron pattern, and the depth and form of the sinking by the shape and position of the tool; and, if a double moulding is required, two patterns and two tools and a double operation are necessary: but as the pattern consists merely of a thin flat sheet of perforated iron, and the value of a tool amounts only to a few pence, the additional cost of variety in design to any extent is scarcely perceptible. The tool and its position at the end of the arm once adapted to the section of the moulding to be produced, the rest is purely mechanical. The workman guides the tool with one hand, and the table with the other, and the tracery comes out with a rapidity which may be imagined when it is stated, that the tool makes three thousand evolutions in a minute; so that a tool with eight teeth or edges makes twenty-four thousand cuts in that space of time, the wood flying off as fine as sawdust, and the surface being left at once in a state of perfect finish and smoothness. The cost of the work thus executed does not exceed one fourth of that of the same labor performed by hand. Stone is worked with the same facility as wood, and the machine has been found equally effectual, though of course less rapid, upon marble.—*Art Union*.